

Body Politic

A MAGAZINE FOR GAY LIBERATION

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG: WOE CANADA

For those concerned with civil liberties, the True North can be very cold indeed. An exclusive preview of the US social critic's new book

TBP: BACK TO SQUARE ONE?

Not guilty means not guilty — until an appeal court gets ahold of the verdict. The Crown gets another shot at The Body Politic

THE LOVE OF A FIRST LADY

Eleanor Roosevelt's love for Lorena Hickok filled 3,000 letters — but Hickok's biographer chokes on the word "lesbian." In Our Image

HOMOS AT WAR: 2280 A.D.

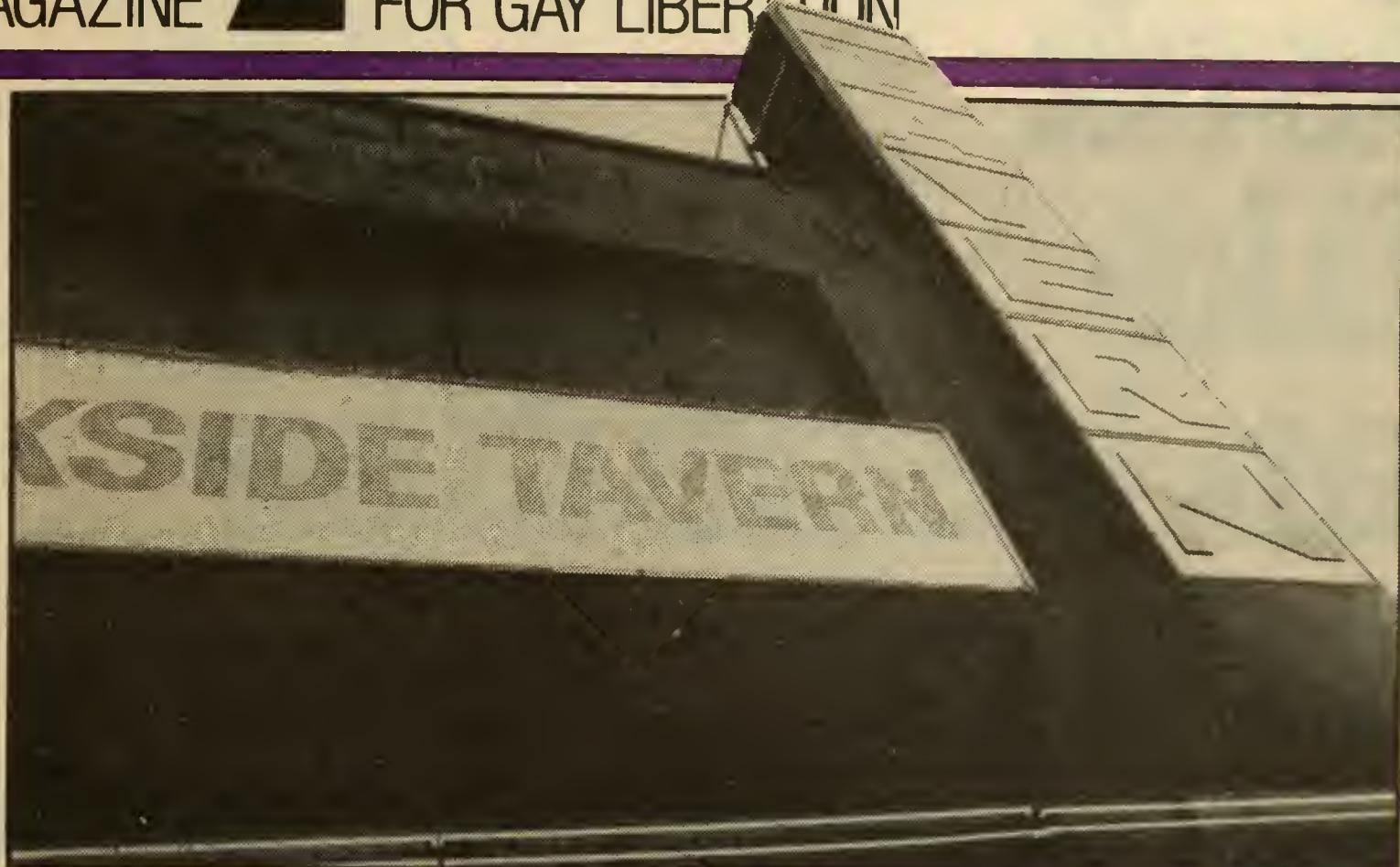
Body transplants, dating satellites and victory for John Damien (in the 285th year of his case) in the latest of Gary Ostrom's military fantasies

PLUS:

More lesbian fiction...

Jane Rule on censorship...

And yet more on Cruising and S&M



Epitaph for the Parkside

by Gerald Hannon

The Parkside was not the first gay bar I went to. That was Letros. It was 1969, and Letros was across King Street from Toronto's King Edward Hotel. Now it's been replaced by a hokey-looking steak restaurant that probably draws most of its customers from the business luncheon crowd and suburban couples out for an evening in a "swank" downtown spot. But in 1969, on a Friday or Saturday night, it was crowded with men. On one particular night, I was one of them, and I still remember the thrill of realizing

Does this look like an institution to you?

Sometimes it's easy to think so.

After all, *The Body Politic* has been publishing for more than eight years, and with every issue it has grown in its ability to reach and reflect the lives of lesbians and gay men.

Take a look at the masthead on the next page. You'll find two dozen people covering the news. You'll see the names of people who put together one of the most respected review sections in the gay media. People who've produced features on which any magazine would be proud to base its reputation.

In short, *The Body Politic* looks solid — and in a lot of ways, it is.

But...

The Body Politic has never been so solid that we could afford to get smug about it. The needs of the community it serves have changed a lot over the years, and we've had to stay on our toes to meet them. And at the end of every month, we

have to face the cold reality of the budget, balancing off the demands made on *TBP* with our ever-limited resources. The figures usually show that we can make ends meet — but sometimes just barely.

What keeps *The Body Politic* going?

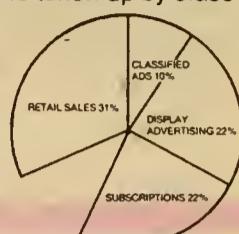
Work. Thousands of hours of labour go into every issue of *TBP*. Almost all those hours are given freely by volunteers.

Whether they send in news, write articles or reviews, edit, proof-read, type letters, file cards, make coffee or help set editorial policy, they do it for nothing more than the knowledge that they're helping keep *The Body Politic* alive and in touch with its community. No amount of money can buy that kind of commitment.



Money. Not everything, though, is free. Simply having *TBP* printed will cost more than \$25,000 in the next year. We'll pay the Post Office almost \$18,000 to deliver it and the rest of our correspondence. The rent will come to \$7,200.

A lot of commercial magazines raise money to cover such expenses by selling as much as 70% of their space to advertisers. We don't want to do that. About 25% of *TBP*'s space is taken up by classified and display advertising, and right now we think that's enough. It produces about a third of the money we need to operate. Retail sales generate almost another third and subscriptions provide just under a quarter. As you can see, that doesn't quite add up to enough.



And you. To fill that gap, we'd rather count on you — one of our readers — than on our ability to sell ads. We want to keep *The Body Politic* strong, independent, and responsive to its community — its readers. *TBP* has survived because its readers care about it. A lot of them care enough to put in work on the magazine every month. And every year we ask others to show their support by making a financial contribution.

We're asking you to give us a hand.

We'd like to know you're with us. Sending a donation to *The Body Politic* is one way to let us know. The address is: **TBP, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9.** All of us at *TBP* will really appreciate your support.



Body Politic

A MAGAZINE FOR GAY LIBERATION

"The liberation of homosexuals can only be the work of homosexuals themselves."
— Kurt Hiller, 1921 —

The Collective

Christine Bearchell, Rick Béabout, Gerald Hannon, Ross Irwin, Bill Lewis, Tim McCaskell, Paul Trollope, Alexander Wilson

Designer Kirk Kelly

The News

Gerald Hannon, Bill Lewis

Chris Bearchell, Richard Brown, Chris Davis, Doug Durand, Ken Popert, Paul Trollope, Robert Trow, (Toronto News Staff)

Maurice Beaulieu, (Quebec), Russ Congdon (Calgary), Ron Dayman (Montreal), David Garmaise (Ottawa), Education Collective, Gay Community Centre (Saskatoon), Elizabeth Bolton (Montreal), Ric Langford (Victoria), Jim Mendenhall (Brandon), Robin Metcalfe (Halifax), Bob Radke (Edmonton), Stuart Russell (Montreal), Joe Szalai (Kitchener), James Thatcher (London),

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• Leo Casey, Tony Souza

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This Issue

Issue 62 April 1980



Sleeping with your friends . . . p18

Would you do such a thing? James Tennyson ponders the problem in *Tribal Rites*, our attentive eye on the foibles and fantasies of the tribe.

Parkside Parting p26

The landmark Toronto gay men's bar at the corner of Yonge and Breadalbane has given thousands a site for easy socializing over the years. It has also given many of them a direct passage to court — without passing Go, without collecting \$200. Will the Parkside live into the 80s? Gerald Hannon considers the odds.

Woe Canada! . . . p23

The habit of deference that runs through Canadian culture distinguishes this country from its brasher neighbour to the south. It also translates into precious little concern for individual rights in law.

In an exclusive pre-publication excerpt from his new book, *Deference to Authority, The Case of Canada*, Nova Scotia resident and US citizen Edgar Z Friedenberg explores our readiness to yield to state authority.



Warning Homos . . . p29

Ostrom's haruspinating again. What will happen when we finally declare our independence from the inflatable furniture set? Heterosexual future schlock.

Cover photo: Gerald Hannon. Designed by Rick Béabout.

Dykes with daughters . . . p38

They star in Deborah Munro's prizewinning story from our Great Canadian Lesbian Fiction contest. A man attacks — and feels the furies. "Sorry," reads the note they leave behind.

"Take it from the first, boys" . . . p10

County Court Judge George Ferguson was so concerned with justice in Ontario that he decided to send *TBP* back to enjoy another time-and-money-consuming trial.



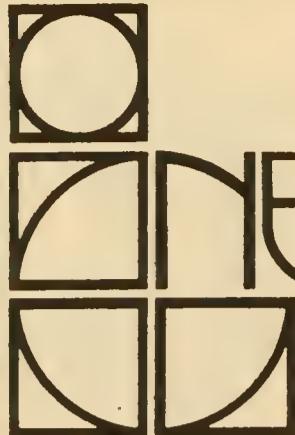
Whipped potatoes. pp4, 38, 47

Do we get letters? You'd better believe it. And this month they're all on S/M and *Cruising*. Ken Popert and Michael Lynch also warm up these hot potatoes in *The Back Page* and *Monitor*.

Also this issue:

Taking Issue p8
The News p9
International News p19
So's Your Grandmother p22
The Ivory Tunnel p39
Classifieds p40
The Community Page p44

And no, for the first time since Issue 13 in May-June 1974, we're not running an editorial. You'll have to think for yourself this month. April Fool!



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Lesbian S&M: Valverde roasted

I found Mariana Valverde's article ("Feminism meets fist-fucking: getting lost in lesbian S&M" February) off-base and disappointing. By putting fantasies about rape and those about S&M in the same category, she fails to make one crucial distinction: that while S&M is a consensual act, rape, by definition, is not. It is difficult to believe that just because some women (myself included) have rape fantasies without really wanting to be raped that women who have S&M fantasies (myself included) don't really want to, or shouldn't, practice S&M.

The charge that S&M fantasies may "point straight to our patriarchal upbringing" also seems ill-founded. Could it be that Valverde assumes that all "inequalities" are based on sex-roles? I like to think that S&M points to something within us that is more basic than our upbringing. If it is true that in all sexual activity there is some kind of tension build-up, then S&M emphasizes, heightens, if you will, one's awareness of this tension. If so, then S&M is not just another gadget, after all.

One more problem: what is so wrong with a coloured handkerchief? Gay men have been sporting them for years, without any apparent disasters — but not with the intention of defining their total sexuality. A piece of cloth hanging out of someone's back pocket won't do that any more than an ad in *TBP* will tell readers everything there is to know about a given restaurant. The point of a handkerchief is not to analyze, but to advertise.

Although I disagree with Mariana Valverde on most points, I would like to thank her for writing an article on this subject.

Amy Groves
Oberlin, Ohio

As an out S&M dyke, I'd like you to know that the article concerning us was more than a letdown.

First of all, I object on the grounds that you're more oriented towards homosexual men than dykes. As such a paper, you're a good one, the best that I've come across so far, and I've read them all. Your national and international news is good — when you're out here in the boondocks — but dyke S&M is not something to be discussed on your last page. It belongs among dykes and not out there on the street, where every straight Tom, Dick or Harry can pick it up and jerk off at home with it.

With the motion picture *Cruising*, it seems every leather-faggot is jumping out of the closet for all the world to see. But I am personally offended by your trying to exploit us S&M dykes. As wimmin and dykes and lesbians, we have been exploited enough, thank you.

The second objection that I have is concerned with the fact that Mariana Valverde obviously knows nothing about dyke S&M. What was this article supposed to be? A book review? She doesn't understand what it's all about, because she's appalled by it. She's obviously not into it and has never experienced the emotionality, the sensitivity and the intensity of lesbian love-making

that involves any kind of S&M. She's never been in a lesbian bar in San Francisco where the cruising is heavily based on what hanky you carry in what pocket. She doesn't want to know about the fantasies involved, what it feels like to be a sadist or a masochist.

I suggest you have your writers and reporters comment on the things they know about.

I'm interested in hearing from Mariana and from other dykes who are into it. It's important for us to keep the lines of communication open, but please, not among the general public, be it gay men or heterosexuals!

You may print this letter with my address.

Judith Zutz
937 5th Ave N, no. 4
Castlegar, BC

As a member of Samois, I read with interest Mariana Valverde's article on lesbian S&M. I sensed a sincere attempt to be fair and honest in dealing with a subject she couldn't quite fathom.

Ms Valverde's big stumbling block appears to be a confusion between the politics of sexual liberation and the fascism of consumer capitalism which exploits the former, just as it exploits everything in the world — sooner or later.

Yes, there are bored people who turn to S&M as to the latest diversion and aren't really into it. I agree that, for these people, S&M is not liberating. But I and many like me have had a deep need for S&M sex all our lives. For us, S&M is both liberating and needed. We also need to express our thoughts on why we believe we need S&M; what it does for us.

Perhaps if Ms Valverde realized that the very thing that makes masochistic fantasies and experiences so enticing is that a scary situation is brought under the masochist's control, she would not have so many problems in recognizing S&M as a politically legitimate expression of our sexuality. I hope she does read this letter and keep thinking about it and keep asking questions. There is no shame in admitting that "somewhere along the way (one) got lost." The only crime is in giving directions when one is in that predicament.

Terry Kolb
San Francisco

"There is a danger of overdoing one's feminist tolerance and shrugging one's shoulders at lesbianism saying, 'Well it takes all kinds,' which hardly advances feminist thought."

"Janet Schrim confusedly argues that most of us have gay fantasies and should therefore act them out."

"It may be that a lot of gay fantasies (though perhaps not all) are also compulsive repetitions of taught behaviour."

"Saying you're gay is a bit like shouting from the rooftops that you sometimes burp."

Typical illogical straight put-downs of gays, right? Actually, they are all quotes from Mariana Valverde's article on

"What is so wrong with a coloured handkerchief? Gay men have been sporting them for years without any apparent disasters..."

S&M — with "gay" substituted for "S&M." The point being that *TBP*'s resident pundit on S&M has apparently learned nothing, nothing at all about the stigmatization of variant sexuality. This is depressing.

I am a gay man who enjoys S&M sex. My lover and quite a few of my friends — gay, lesbian and straight — also enjoy it. Apparently this is not good enough for Ms Valverde, who wishes to break the butterfly of sex-magic on the wheel of a puritanical version of "feminist" ideology.

It is unfortunate that puritan feminism has become a sacred cow to many in the gay and lesbian movements who will not challenge its assumptions, no matter how reactionary. Frankly, I'm sick of it. And sick of gays being told to feel guilty for unconventional sexuality (and to suppress it) because it makes certain women uneasy or hostile. Sexuality has made such women uneasy at least since the Victorian age when sex was regarded as a nasty male business that pure womanhood had to lie back and endure for the sake of Queen, country and family.

The feminist movement, which began in Victorian times, unfortunately accepted this view of sex and continues in large measure to accept it today. Uncomfortable with their own sexuality, many feminists feel revolted by a gay eroticism liberated from heterosexual puritanical constrictions — and they join the Schlafly/Bryant/Whitehouse right wing in attacking it, instead of attacking the real power sources of the heterosexist establishment which oppresses us all.

There are those, of course, who maintain that their own restricted and anti-septic sexuality is really liberated (from "sexual objectification" etc) and that S&M (inventive sexuality) is the result of faulty potty training or a mother who smoked a pipe or something. Again, the same charge used to be levelled against homosexuality — that it was the result of childhood bogeymen or a too-English upbringing. Where is the evidence?

It is time the gay movement called a halt to its toadying to Ms Grundy. Let us work with the feminists on common causes by all means. But let us also insist that *no one*, not the state, not the church, and not the feminist movement, dictate to us how we should have sex or with whom. If they cannot or will not stop their attacks on us — on our erotic literature, (which they will call "pornography"), on man/boy relationships, on outdoor sex, on anonymous sex, on male transvestism (women in button-downs are apparently OK), on lesbian and gay S&M — then our movement must in its own interest recognize them as enemies, and treat them accordingly.

As for Ms Valverde, she is obviously fascinated, as well as confused, by S&M. Perhaps she should meditate — or participate — some more before breaking into print on the subject again. As an antidote to her present opinions, I recommend Pat Califia's excellent article on lesbian S&M in *The Advocate* of Dec 27, 1979, and her shorter piece in *GPU News* of February 1980.

A final request. In her article, Ms

Valverde mentions an interesting-sounding book on lesbian S&M but, insultingly, does not let her readers know how to acquire it. May we have the price and an address please? It is unpleasant to have to beg — at least in these circumstances!

Ian Young
New York

Mariana Valverde replies:
Ian Young raises an old spectre from its well-deserved grave. I am neither celibate nor monogamous nor particularly squeamish and I believe that people have the right to whatever enjoyment they have managed to create for themselves. I may add that I appeared at the press conference on the Barracks to publicly condemn the raid and support the victims. (Not that I like to flash my credentials, but my readers have reacted to my column by fantasizing about my imagined repressed desires, and I would like to put a halt to that sort of ad personam argument.)

My column was not a condemnation of S&M, of maleness or of sex; I was simply asking some questions about the connections between the current proliferation of sexual images on the one hand and feminism and sexual liberation on the other. Some of the responses generated by my column have been useful contributions to this debate, but Ian Young is leading us into a dead end by attacking a position that I, for one, have never held, with an argument that assumes that women are congenitally afraid of sex.

The point feminists are discussing is not whether we are for or against sex, as anyone connected to the gay movement ought to know by now. The point is rather: now that we know we can enjoy sex, now that we know our possibilities are as unlimited as those of men, what do we want to do? What kind of sex do we want? What are the implications of buying into the leather culture? What is sexual liberation anyway? What the hell is sex?

It is easy to score progressive points by crusading against puritanism. But to tilt at the windmills of puritanism and then claim victory over the real feminist movement is to be completely ignorant of the whereabouts of feminism these days.

PS: See the classifieds for information on the book.

Cruising: Popert toasted

Last night was the second night we picketed the movie *Cruising*. Afterwards, in a coffee shop, I read Ken Popert's column "Help them to see *Cruising*" in the February issue of *TBP*. My first reaction was to track down Ken, tap him on the skull, and whisper into his ear, "Reality Testing: One, Two, Three..." But I intend to picket again tonight, so I'll write an open letter instead.

That February issue also contains a letter I wrote acknowledging the "legitimate curiosity" gays may have about the film, and urging a first-night mass of gays to view the movie and then hold a sit-in and speak-out through the se-

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articles, interviews, graphics and literature by/about/for lesbians

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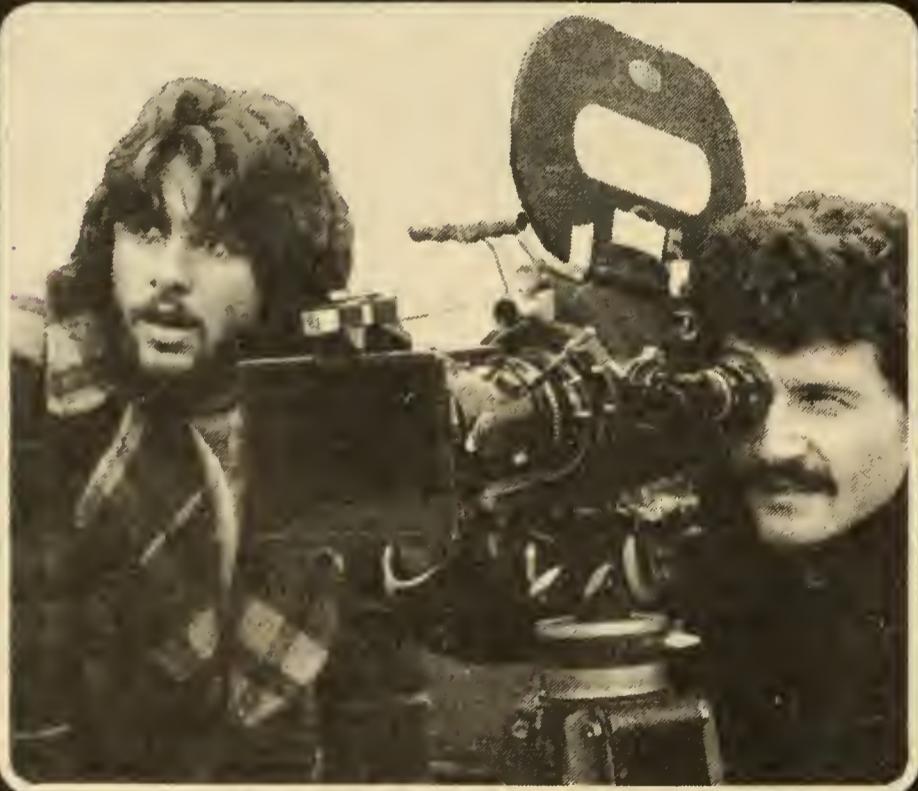
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Getting Together to Support Our Selves



Bruce Glawson, a gay filmmaker, is producing a half hour documentary on being gay and on how that affects our families. Funding is being provided through grants from

the Ontario and Canada Arts Councils. Some additional funding is required. We think it ought to come from us.

This is one of many projects seeking funding through the Gay Community Appeal of Toronto. The Appeal's 1980 Campaign is now underway, offering Metro gay people the chance to actively participate in the creative development of our Community. For further information, or to lend a hand, call 869-3036, or write to Box 2212, Station P, Toronto.

"It is too fair-minded to write that *Cruising* 'probably carries many messages, good and bad.' Sure, and Mussolini made the trains run on time."

cond show. I hope it's clear that I think gays should only see this film if they can see it for free, or if sit-ins cancel out the first showing's profits. I'm a little curious about the flick myself: not very, because a great deal about Friedkin's bloody turkey is already known.

As I mentioned in my previous letter, I and others had doubts that an across-the-board boycott could be very successful. Nevertheless, when seventy members of Philadelphia's gay community met to discuss tactics, an absolute boycott had overwhelming support. It was agreed that an equal objective of any protest would be to educate the public.

There are some vague and dangerous notions in Ken's column which should be nailed down. Ken asks, "Don't gay demonstrations and marches add to the general store of homophobia? Of course they do." This is breathtakingly false. No, Ken, even though you go on to grant that "militance is the only way to defeat homophobia in the long term," you do gays no favour by implying that militance "adds" to homophobia even in the short term. Homophobia, like racism and sexism, is always with us: it permeates the social cloth like a deep dye. When we protest we do not create bigotry: rather, bigotry comes down on us and "comes out" as well.

It is really too fair-minded of Ken to write that *Cruising* "probably carries many messages, good and bad." Sure, and Mussolini kept the trains running on time. And but for the grace of the Third-Reich, the world would have Volkswagens. And...but seriously, Ken, do we have to consume such poison to get any nourishment? The messages *Cruising* carries are, in fact, garbled and confused. This confusion was apparent from the time last summer when the script was circulated. Yet one thing is clear: this confusion serves reaction, not liberation. *Cruising* has a brief disclaimer tagged on now: throw that into the balance of 106 minutes of menace and murder.

When I urged folks to use the force of Hollywood against it, to make their film our event, their lies our tools for education, I did not have in mind pretending that bigots and profiteers had done us a favour. Ken expresses concern for those who are just discovering their sexuality, or still defining it. He urges activists to be at every screening of the film to give patrons our view of it, to help people see it "through our eyes, in our lives." That's a pretty piece of poetry, but the reality is rather cruel. The fact is that *Cruising* will show at several hundred theatres, and that we can muster our forces only at a relative handful.

Ken also raises the spectre of censorship. I appreciate the bind *TBP* is in, and support my Canadian comrades in their fight for free speech. But please do not blind yourselves to what censorship is actually at work in the case of this film. We are not censors. Hollywood has censored us: by choosing to tell certain "truths," by refusing to tell others. Must it be said again that the more money you have, the more "free speech" you can buy?

Queers were scapegoated in the last Cold War, and are certainly being scapegoated in the current one. No one can really predict how bad things may get, but let me ask Ken a question. If you were a Jew in Germany in 1939, and you had your hands on a stock of anti-Semitic poison from the Ministry of Propaganda, would you destroy it? If you object to hypothetical hindsight, fine. But lest we lose all perspective when discussing censorship, let's remember that thousands of gays were censored off the face of the earth in the last world war. There are distinct fascist strains in our society; if we fight and defeat them, then by all means let the complacent be able to say we took such strains "too seriously."

The great majority of folks who see *Cruising* will be seeing it through their eyes — the eyes of bigots, liars, and profiteers. It's tragic that some gay people are so starved for gay fare that they will pay for their own oppression. But instead of trying to extract some sweetness from cyanide pills like *Cruising*, we'd do better to fight for the resources to make our own films about our own lives.

*Scott Tucker
Philadelphia*

Ken Popert's incredible insights into how to handle *Cruising* leave me gasping with wonder. By all means, let us lead Anita and John Briggs and all 40 million of their holy rollers right into this inspired movie to "let them see it through our eyes."

No question but what they will immediately quit planning wholesale pogroms against gays (their vanguard is already in SF to prepare for the invasion next summer) and we will join hands with them as they see *Cruising* through the light of gay understanding.

No more mutilated bodies of gays killed by Christian saints. No more cocks cut off and stuffed in our mouths, as happened to a friend in Minnesota a few years ago. He was found in a ditch next to his car.

I'll bet money that Norm's ghost will shower Ken Popert with blessings for his truly inspired strategy for *Cruising*. Indeed, with Ken's almost divine depth of human understanding, he owes mankind the duty to retire at once to a remote Himalayan monastery to meditate and spin great thoughts about all the future *Cruisings* that will follow the blockbuster hit the first one will be. Anita will be transformed overnight into born-again born-again "Christian."

*Reed Vernon
San Francisco*

Ken Popert replies:

In February's letters, Edward Bell of London (UK) offered me a vehicle.

Now Reed Vernon of San Francisco has supplied a destination.

Is this an international conspiracy? If so, could someone write in from New Zealand or Australia to specify the appropriate dress for arriving at a Himalayan monastery in a fiery chariot?

See also The Back Page, p 47.

The only minority?

I am writing in response to an article that was published in the November 1979 *TBP* entitled "Do straight men have a future?" In the article a young man was described thoroughly as to the number of hairs in his right sideburn, sensuality, folds in his trousers, pectoral muscles, etc. Other men in the article were named or at least given some presence. The young man who the article surrounded was portrayed as being a cock-teasing heterosexual who very much aggravated the author. The one character in this little melodrama who was very slightly mentioned was (gasp) the girlfriend and, whenever she was, an aura of disapproval prevailed.

Well, I happen to be that apparently unimportant entity and I resent being regarded, or rather, disregarded, in such a way. Or is my claim to fame the insinuation of being a masque that gay men usually use women for, and dusted off a shirtsleeve like a piece of lint (for lack of a more degrading very popular gay term used for women).

This young man who was so affectionately described by the writer is, indeed, my lover; therefore it will be difficult not to be biased in this writing, but the scope of what I have to say carries beyond our relationship.

It is my understanding with the many gay men and women friends I have that to violate the human rights of anyone is a crime. I am very aware of public humiliation, continuous hassles from "macho" men and their laws, their strangulation on society, their sick jokes, their depriving me of my right to be taken seriously. Being a woman, I can relate to these struggles — the constant battle of breaking stereotypes that history has so thoroughly drawn for me.

I am not presuming to know the particular pain and struggle homosexuals have had because I am not homosexual. However, I do see similarities in causes. The attitude of Ken Popert is one that does not unite people; rather it divides them. I have supported the gay movement for years and this article shows no

Lesbians defining themselves

Traditionally, research on lesbianism has been conducted by non-lesbians. Ronda Carlson, a lesbian, is conducting a national survey to determine how lesbians define themselves and their communities. She recently completed a Master's degree in Social Work and this research is a continuation of a survey done for her thesis. She is in need of lesbians willing to complete a fairly long and specific questionnaire (it should take about 1 1/2 hours to fill out). The questionnaires and all correspondence will be kept strictly confidential, but it is hoped that a distillation of the results will eventually be published. It is not necessary to be "out" either publicly or to family and non-gay friends in order to participate; all that is necessary is that you be a lesbian and be willing to take your time and energy to explain some of what this means to you. To request a questionnaire please write Ronda Carlson, 3014 Millmar Drive, Dallas, Texas, 75228.

appreciation nor recognition of my support. I now question exactly what I am supporting. I have given them respect as being homosexual; do they respect my heterosexuality?

Do gay men figure they are the only "minority"? Do human rights not include women, or are we seen as semi-beings by them as well? Are gay men so caught up in themselves that they do not, or perhaps, refuse, to see the possibilities of heterosexual relationships? If not, I ask, do they have much of a future?

Janice Milito
Windsor, Ontario

Ken Popert replies:

I'm sorry that Janice Milito found so much offence in that column.

Yes, the names of some men were used; these were friends, acquaintances and, of course, the person who was the subject of my writing. Others went unnamed; among these were "the woman" (Janice Milito) and "a local gay man." In any case, I don't claim that I can or should apprehend gay men and straight women in precisely similar ways.

Janice Milito says that my references to her were tinged with "an aura of disapproval," but quotes no examples to make her case. Is the tinge in my writing? Or in her reading?

The title of the column was not chosen as an indication of genocidal plans on my part. It was an allusion to the last three paragraphs of the piece.

Coming out

I am distressed by the current actions of your government. I lived last year in Toronto and experienced the beauty of your Lesbian-Gay community.

Last year I was a closet case. I knew that I was gay. I also knew that the Church did not approve of us. As an American student at St Michael's College, I purposely allowed my sexuality to be undernourished.

I then went to Dignity. I went to learn to do ministry with the outcasts. There were no outcasts in Dignity. There were people. I did not do ministry there. I learned about humanity.

I talked to people from the Gay Liberation Union, Buddies, Transvestites in Toronto, Integrity, MCC, Club Toronto, the baseball teams and other friendly ears. They taught me to reconcile my sexuality within myself. I lost no values by leaving the closet. I am now wholesome and can direct my life by myself.

After my visa expired, I left religious life and moved to Boston. My family disowned me and I work with bigoted heterosexuals. Although there is a danger of losing my job, I am openly gay with them.

I have learned that my family goes beyond bloodlines. We all belong to one another. I send this cheque with good intent. Because we have shared so much together, I wish to share in your debt, incurred in defence of your freedom. Thank you all for helping me find mine. Daniel J Holmes Boston

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by Ron Dayman

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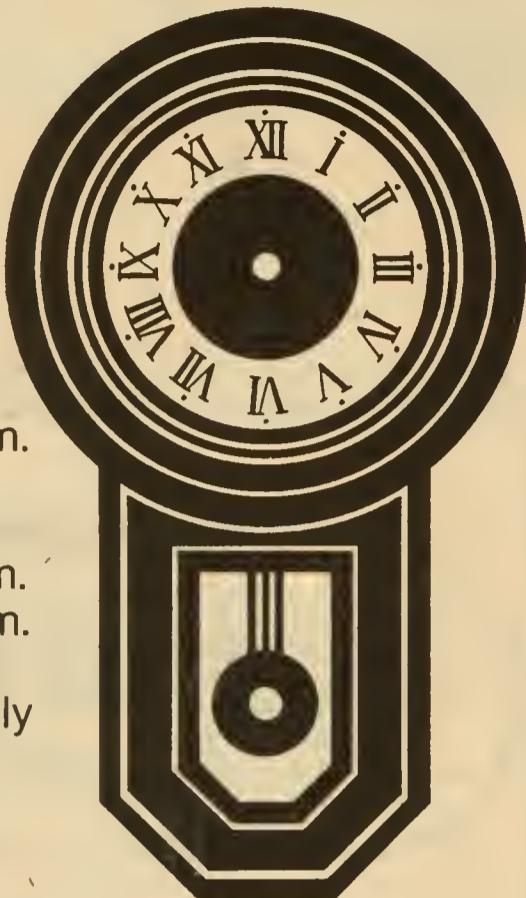
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Let marginal gays speak for themselves

There are a lot of closets in the gay community, as Gerald Hannon pointed out in his article, "No Sorrow, No Pity," (*TBP*, February). It is probably an indication of the strength of the gay movement that we are now prepared to do a little housecleaning by starting to deal with some of the minority issues which we have preferred to ignore in our search for social acceptance. Recent articles on pedophilia, handicapped gays and S&M/leather/"kinky" sexuality are clearly examples of this. After 10 years of developing our common identity as a gay community, we can now start to consider our differences, differences which should bring us closer together rather than separate us.

For this reason, *The Body Politic* is to be praised for its recent attempts to discuss non-mainstream gay lifestyles. However, in all these articles there is something which deeply disturbs me.

The gay liberation movement has always demanded for gays the right to speak for themselves. We regularly condemn the straight media's attempts to portray us (even the most "sincere" efforts). Yet when it comes to our own minorities, we often forget these same principles.

The strength of the women's movement has created one important exception. The gay movement is increasingly aware of the need for lesbians to speak for themselves. The welcome space offered to the lesbian voice in *TBP*'s pages bears witness to this. Also admirable has been an obvious attempt to let gay youth speak for itself.

On the other hand, the recent articles in *TBP* on pedophilia, handicapped gays and S&M/leather/"kinky" sexuality have been written by persons who do not belong to these marginal groups. Much as I do not question the sincerity of these writers, their perspective of "they" rather than "we" smacks all too much of the liberal goody-two-shoeism we have often witnessed in the straight media.

As someone who is into the S&M/leather/"kinky" scene, I cringe when I read Gerald Hannon titillatingly confessing to his one experience with a broomhandle and an accu-jac: "I found it somewhat exciting, but mostly funny" or when describing his visit to The Barracks: "I have to admit I have no idea what was happening" ("Devices and Desires," *TBP* November). Or when I read Mariana Valverde saying, "I used to have intensely pleasurable fantasies of being martyred, burned, whipped, and so on...I am quite sure that I never really wanted that to happen" (my emphasis); or, "read instead a truly shocking pamphlet by a lesbian S&M group from Berkeley" (my emphasis...note that she never says how to get a hold of it!); or "far be it from me to presume that I can pass judgment on what these women do." ("Feminism meets Fist-fucking" *TBP*, February). Both Valverde and Hannon claim not to judge, but inevitably do so.

I am sure that pedophiles and handicapped gays must have similar reactions when they read these patronizing articles on them.

Sure, both Gerry and Mariana did re-

search. But then, we've all read studies of homosexuality based merely on the literature. Hannon conscientiously interviews members of the groups considered, already a significant improvement. But the overriding point of view remains his, that of an outsider. And has Mariana Valverde ever actually spoken to a lesbian into S&M?

It seems to me that is impossible to *really* understand and explain any minority group which you are not a part of. Surely gays more than anyone else should understand that.

Obviously, the liberation of _____ (read "pedophiles," "handicapped



"...the perspective of 'they' rather than 'we' smacks all too much of the liberal goody-two-shoeism we have often witnessed in the straight media."

gays," "leather people," "third-world gays" or ?), can only be the work of _____ (ditto) themselves. It is clearly time for marginal gays to stand up and be counted and to organize around their specific interests.

It is probably no coincidence that it is those who are visually identifiable as marginals who are the first to organize (handicapped gays and third-world gays). Those of us who have the possibility of passing in the "straight" gay world, will be longer in doing so. I for one have spent too long in a leather-lined closet in the gay liberation movement, listening to attacks on my own lifestyle and never saying a word.

And what can *The Body Politic* do in all this? It can encourage these groups to come out of their closets, by letting them speak for themselves, by soliciting articles from them, rather than reporting on them as some bizarre phenomenon à la *Time* magazine. □

The Body Politic welcomes your letters. They should be sent to us at *TBP*, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9. Submissions for "Taking Issue" should be marked as such, and should not exceed 1,000 words.

Hislop gets AGE nomination to seek Ward 6 Alderman seat

TORONTO — In an evening that turned out to be more of a "love-in" for George Hislop than a nomination meeting, the Association of Gay Electors (AGE) chose Hislop as its candidate for alderman in Ward 6 in the civic elections next November.

More than 200 people crammed the auditorium at the 519 Church St Community Centre March 13 to be part of the historic occasion: the first time that an openly gay individual declared himself a candidate for civic office, and made the concerns of gay people part of his platform. It was a noisy, applause-filled, emotional event punctuated by thunderous bursts of foot-stomping and cheers, and it was very much a personal triumph for Hislop, a popular gay activist since 1971.

Although technically an AGE meeting, the event drew many more people than are counted in AGE's membership, and by motion of the members it was decided that all present would be allowed to cast a vote.

The event was described as an open nomination meeting for Ward 6, but no one doubted that in fact the evening was designed primarily as a kicking-off point for the Hislop campaign. Peter Maloney of the Committee to Nominate George Hislop had been working for weeks to make sure the event would draw enough people to convince the media and Ward 6 political observers that the Hislop campaign was real, had a solid base, and was not just "one issue." It came as a surprise to many, therefore, when another candidate for nomination was proposed by Doug Chin of the gay group home, Tri-Aid House.

Chin nominated Bill Mole, an individual who has been doing work of late trying to raise gay money for largely straight charities. Mole declined the nomination, however, on the grounds that his membership in the Cabbagetown Group Softball League precluded any involvement in politics. It is unclear what exactly the nomination manoeuvre was meant to achieve, though Mole said later in a television interview he wanted to show that not all gays were radicals.

In a speech that Hislop obviously saw as crucial to his political career, he touched on issues that included opposition to a STOLport on Toronto Island, a demand for adequate daycare facilities, an insistence on making public transit usable by the disabled, and support for the needs of small business.

Asked what he thought was the most important aspect of his speech, he said that, for gays, it was probably his comments on the police.

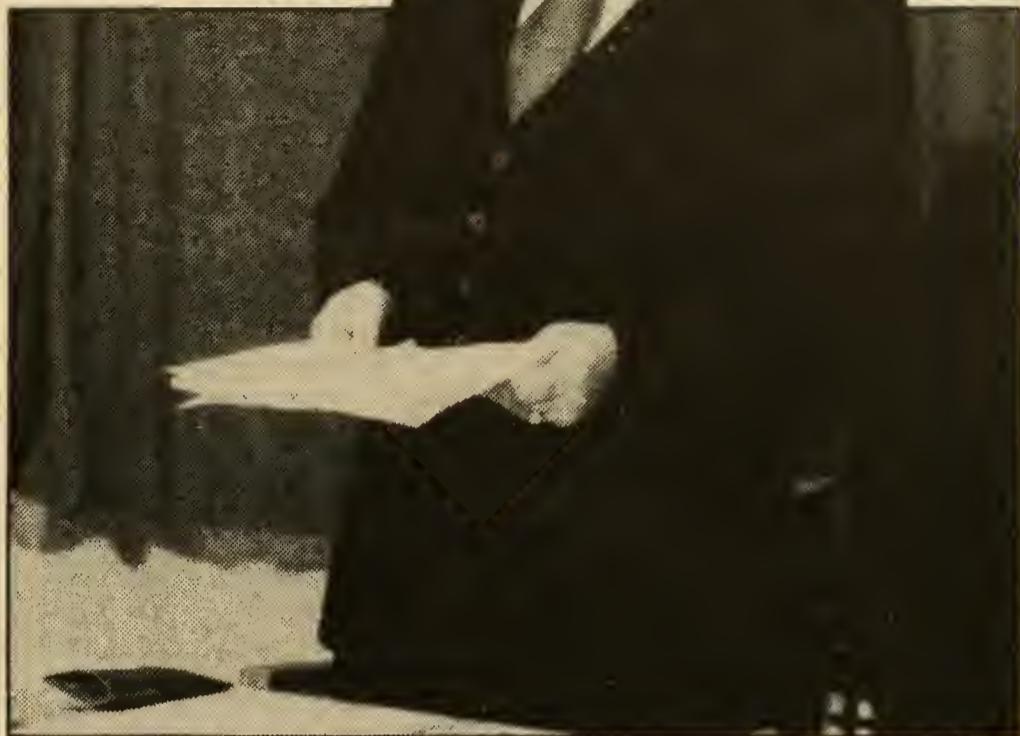
He received thunderous applause when he said, "I believe that the Police Commission must be expanded to bring the force under the effective policy direction of residents who pay for the police service. I believe that the civilian review procedure proposed by Roy

McMurtry must be modified to allow for independent investigation of complaints."

Hislop also told *TBP* that he was impressed by the audience response to his comments on the concerns of women. "Our rule of thumb," he said, "must be that since women represent slightly more than 50% of the population, whenever we observe that women do not represent half of the positions in any rank or grade of work or position, then there is a need to enquire into that situation and to see if it can be rectified." He went on to say that filling the daycare gap "should be one of our foremost priorities."

Although Hislop's wide-ranging comments likely killed any speculation that his would be a one-issue campaign, there was little doubt that many in the audience were there less to hear a coherent political platform than to finally see an openly gay individual make a serious bid for political office. As Hislop said, "There have been gay politicians in the past: in the federal and provincial cabinets, and on both sides of the House of Commons and the provincial legislatures. There have been city politicians who were gay. But they served and contributed without being open about their sexual orientation and thus were unable to actively press the concerns of the gay community."

Asked what the next step in his campaign would be, Hislop replied that he



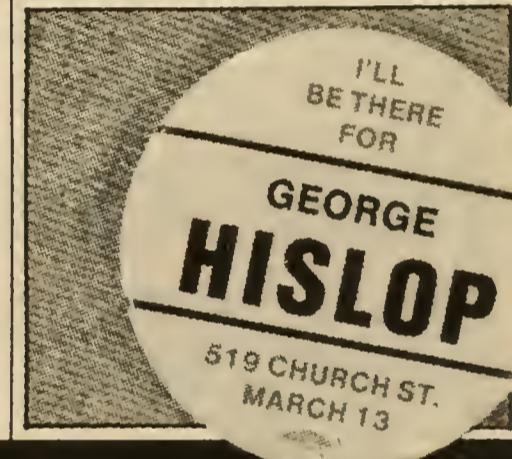
At the eye of a storm of attention and applause: George Hislop nominated by AGE

would be seeking the nomination and support of the Ward 6 Community Organization. The group has a record of supporting progressive candidates, and endorsed incumbent alderman Allan Sparrow in the last election. Hislop says that another reform candidate, Jack Layton, will probably make a bid for the endorsement, but says "there's a good possibility I can get it. There were representatives from the Ward 6 CO at the meeting, and I think they would have been impressed by the support I had."

Hislop said many of the people at the meeting signed up to work on the campaign, and \$500 was collected at the door.

Individuals interested in working on the campaign should contact Peter Maloney c/o 29 Granby Street.

Gerald Hannon □



Men convicted for sex with consenting juveniles

Appeals court metes out jail sentences

WINNIPEG — In an orgy of sentencing, Manitoba judges have imprisoned more men convicted of having sex with teenage hustlers.

Many of the more than 15 men charged during the past year and a half with gross indecency with juveniles have had their cases come to trial. Almost all have been found guilty and have been given either suspended sentences or jail terms ranging from 4 to 15 months.

The most recent jail terms have resulted from Crown appeals of suspended sentences handed down to men convicted late last year. In an appeal held February 27, a three-member Manitoba Court of Appeal panel overturned a suspended sentence given to Heinz Merton by Judge Ian Dubienski. In December, Dubienski had found Merton guilty of gross indecency for "engaging in fellatio with juveniles aged 13 to 15," but said imprisonment was too harsh a punishment because the boys involved were obviously "street-wise prostitutes who willingly participated" in the sexual acts. During the appeal of the sentence, Mr Justice J O'Sullivan said it was "nonsense" to describe 14-year-old boys as street-wise prostitutes. Mr

Justice A Monnin labelled the offences "shameful and disgusting," and added that "society will not accept that young lads be accosted and defiled with impunity."

On March 3, after overturning a suspended sentence given to Thomas Breen, Monnin said the three-member appeal court felt "there must be some punishment for this type of crime." Crown counsel Jack Montgomery had argued during the appeal that a jail sentence was necessary to "demonstrate society will not condone such criminal sexual depravity." Even though the original trial had determined that the boys had consented to the sex acts and had themselves sought out Breen and others of the accused, Montgomery argued that "the Criminal Code of Canada makes no reference to less culpability on the basis of a consenting juvenile." The appeal court judges agreed and sentenced Breen to one year in jail.

On February 15, County Court Judge G Barkman found another accused, John Nelson, guilty of gross indecency and indecent assault involving three boys ages 8 to 11. Nelson, a married man with children, was sentenced to

four months in jail. Judge Barkman said that the boys were "young innocent children" used in an improper way. In sentencing Nelson, the judge said he had to consider the protection of society, especially children.

In other trials connected with the "juvenile sex scandal," Arthur Arkin was found guilty February 14 of gross indecency with two 16-year-old boys, but Judge Ian Dubienski reserved sentence; while in a separate trial held the same day, Judge A Connor reserved judgment on Edmund Oliverio, accused of gross indecency with boys aged 15 to 18.

Men sentenced for less than two years on convictions for gross indecency are normally imprisoned in Headingley Correctional Institute just outside of Winnipeg. There, "sexual offenders" are incarcerated in the annex of the Medical Unit, separated for their own protection from other prisoners.

Apparently the recent glut of convictions for "sex offences" has over-filled the Headingley annex and men are now being shipped further west to Brandon's newly constructed Correctional Institute.

Bill Lewis □

Appeal judge orders TBP back to trial

"This decision is a disaster for freedom of the press." — Clayton Ruby

TORONTO — County Court Judge George Ferguson, in a judgment delivered February 29, has set aside the February 1979 acquittal of *The Body Politic* and has sent the case back to Provincial Court for a new trial. *TBP*, however, has decided to appeal Ferguson's judgment to the Ontario Court of Appeal, and no new trial will be scheduled while that appeal is pending.

In a 33-page decision, Ferguson said that trial judge Sydney Harris made several serious errors of law, "the cumulative effect of which was of such a magnitude as to satisfy" Ferguson that if Harris had correctly applied the law the verdict would not necessarily have been the same.

"In a case with such high visibility I conclude that justice will be best served by allowing the appeal, setting aside the verdict of acquittal, and ordering a new trial," Ferguson said. His other main alternative would have been to find that any errors of law were not so serious as to result in any "substantial wrong or miscarriage of justice," and dismiss the appeal on that ground, as *TBP* counsel

Clayton Ruby had argued he should do (*TBP*, March).

Ferguson ruled that Harris was wrong in deciding that the whole of the December 1977-January 1978 issue of *TBP* had to be "immoral" or "indecent" in order for the Crown to succeed. Although this is the legal test for determining whether a book is immoral or indecent, Ferguson said, a different test applies to magazines. He said that while the whole of a magazine must be considered, a single, isolated immoral or indecent passage could be enough to justify a conviction. One could not surround an obscene article or photograph with intellectual discourses on foreign policy and expect to be acquitted, he added.

Ferguson also ruled that Harris should have determined as a matter of law what community standards of decency and morality were, and whether or not *TBP* had offended them.

Harris made "a serious error of law," Ferguson said, in deciding that the word immoral was so vague that it could not form acceptable subject matter for the

criminal law. "This determination on the part of the learned trial judge amounts to a failure to exercise jurisdiction," Ferguson pointedly noted.

Referring to the vague and subjective area of morals legislation generally, Ferguson said that "however elusive the contemporary Canadian community standards of decency or morality may be, it nonetheless remains incumbent upon the court to determine them.... There does exist in any community at all times a general instinctive sense of what is decent and what is indecent, of what is clean and what is dirty, and of what is right and what is wrong."

Ferguson also found that Harris had erred in law in deciding that the section of the Criminal Code under which *TBP* was charged "was not aimed at the distribution of magazines to subscribers," but rather "was designed to catch the sick individual...the invisible exhibitionist who gets his sexual kicks by anonymously shocking his victims." Ferguson noted that "there is nothing in the Criminal Code or any reported case...to suggest that such a

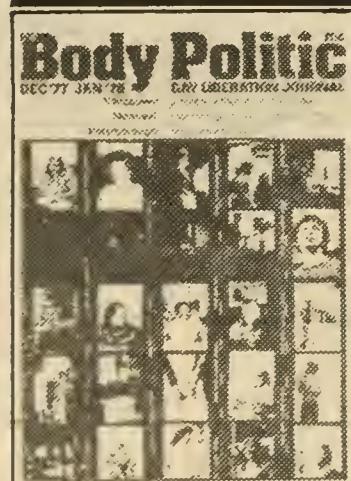
restriction" applies to this section of the Code. "Accordingly, I conclude that the learned trial judge fell into error on this point" as well.

"There can be no doubt that the concept of morality is somewhat imprecise and illusory," Ferguson conceded "One cannot lay down a definition for all time. However, the duty of the court remains to ascribe to the word the best meaning that it can. There are many, many words in statutes which are not explicitly defined but which must be interpreted by the courts in accordance with accepted principles...."

Ferguson also set down what he said was "the proper approach" which a court (presumably on a new trial) should follow in deciding whether any part of the relevant issue of *TBP* is immoral or indecent. He said the court should first determine the contemporary Canadian standards of decency and morality on an objective basis, using the ordinary meanings of those words, and then assess the particular issue of *TBP* and determine whether it or any part of it is either indecent or immoral. "With the greatest of respect, the learned trial judge did not follow this procedure," Ferguson said.

Because he decided to order a new trial, Ferguson said "it would appear inappropriate and untimely for me to deal

Two years down



Tried and tried again

November 21, 1977. The December 1977-January 1978 issue of *The Body Politic* hits the newsstands. It contains an article by Gerald Hannon on adult-child relationships entitled "Men Loving Boys Loving Men."

December 30, 1977. Officers from Operation P (for pornography) raid the offices of *The Body Politic* on the eve of a long New Year's Eve weekend. Armed with a search warrant, the police cart away 12 shipping cartons of business documents, correspondence, manuscripts and subscription lists, following a three and a half hour search.

January 5, 1978. Charges are laid against Pink Triangle Press and its three officers, Ken Popert, Gerald Hannon, and Ed Jackson. The charges are: (a) using the mails to transmit immoral, indecent and scurrilous material (The Dec-Jan 78 issue of *TBP*) and (b) possession of obscene material for distribution (Pink Triangle Press Book Service title *Loving Man*).

January 3, 1979. Six days of testimony and legal argument begin in the trial before Provincial Court Judge Sydney Harris. The charge against Pink Triangle Press is one in which the Crown may choose to proceed by summary conviction or by indictment; the Crown chooses to proceed summarily, which means less severe penalties.

January 16, 1979. Judge Harris hears the final summations of Clayton Ruby and the Crown Attorney.

February 14, 1979. Judge Harris finds Pink Triangle Press and the three defendants not guilty of sending indecent, im-

moral and scurrilous materials through the mails. A second charge of possession of obscene material for distribution, based on the book *Loving Man*, is withdrawn by the Crown Attorney.

March 6, 1979. Attorney General Roy McMurtry authorizes a Crown appeal of Judge Harris's decision, claiming eight errors of law.

February 7-8, 1980. The Crown's appeal is heard before County Court Judge George Ferguson. The Canadian Civil Liberties Association makes an intervention in the appeal, claiming that Section 164 of the Criminal Code contravenes the Canadian Bill of Rights.

February 29, 1980. Judge Ferguson orders the case sent back to Provincial Court for a second trial. He claims there are sufficient errors of law in Judge Harris's decision to warrant overturning his acquittal.

March 7, 1980. *TBP* decides to appeal Judge Ferguson's decision to the Ontario Court of Appeal. The appeal may be heard as early as June 1980.

The future. Either the Crown or *TBP* can apply for leave to appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada if they are not satisfied with the decision of the Court of Appeal. If, after all appeals have been exhausted, and the final decision is still to order a retrial and the Crown still chooses to proceed, the case must go back to Provincial Court for a new trial before a different judge.



Search and seizure

February 21, 1978. *TBP* makes an application before Mr Justice Hugh Garrett of the Supreme Court of Ontario to quash the search warrant used to carry out the raid on *TBP*'s office.

March 15, 1978. The Ontario Court of Appeal upholds the search warrant and dismisses the application. *TBP*'s lawyer Clayton Ruby prepares to appeal.

April 11, 1979. The Ontario Court of Appeal dismisses the next stage of the attempt to quash the search warrant. *TBP* prepares to go before the Supreme Court of Canada to seek leave to appeal.

June 5, 1978. The Supreme Court of Canada refuses to hear *TBP*'s appeal against lower court decisions.



Never having to give it back

April 11, 1979. The Attorney General's office, despite the acquittal decision, refuses to return materials seized from *TBP*. They say they intend to use the material as evidence in any new trial that might result from their appeal of that decision.

October 26, 1979. Provincial Court Judge Sydney Harris (acting as an *ex officio* justice of the peace) hears an application from *TBP*'s lawyer Clayton Ruby to order the return of the seized materials.

December 27, 1979. Judge Harris orders the Crown to return all materials seized from *TBP*'s office. He also orders the Crown to reimburse *TBP* for all expenses incurred in seeking the court order to return the materials.

January 21, 1980. The Crown announces it will appeal Judge Harris's order to return materials and pay costs. The appeal will be heard in the County Court. No date has yet been set for the hearing.

The future. Either side could appeal on any question of law from the County Court to the Ontario Court of Appeal, with leave of that court, and even to the Supreme Court of Canada, with the leave of that court.



with" any of the submissions made by Ian Scott, counsel for the Canadian Civil Liberties Association. Scott had argued that the section of the Criminal Code used to charge *TBP* should be struck down as inoperative because it contravened guarantees of freedom of speech and freedom of the press contained in the Canadian Bill of Rights.

Presumably because of his decision to order a new trial, Ferguson did not discuss *TBP* itself, the issue charged or the particular article at the centre of the controversy. His only observation about the magazine was that *TBP*, like *Penthouse*, had a particular market, audience and "a theme of sorts," but that this was true of "virtually all kinds of magazines" and was not really relevant to the case because the question of theme arises only "in relation to a novel or similar literary work which must, of necessity, be judged in a different manner than a magazine, whatever thematic character the latter type of publication may possess."

TBP counsel Ruby was bitterly disappointed by the judgment. "He can't be right. This decision is a disaster for freedom of the press. The decision leaves the law on immorality as vague as, if not more vague than, it already is. I think that's pretty bad. Judge Ferguson still hasn't told us what immorality and indecency are. We still have the situation where you can commit a serious crime and not have the vaguest idea what immoral and indecent mean in law."

The overwhelming consensus of those present at a March 6 community meeting of gays concerned about the case was that Ferguson's judgment should be appealed to the Ontario Court of Appeal, the province's highest court, as Ruby had strongly recommended. Defendants Gerald Hannon, Ed Jackson, and Ken Popert agreed, and Ruby announced the launching of the appeal the following day. He said he hoped the case could be heard by June 1980.

The Ontario Court of Appeal sits in panels of three or occasionally five judges. It could confirm Ferguson's decision that a new trial should be held, or it could decide that any errors of law made by the trial judge were not of sufficient magnitude to necessitate a new trial. The Court of Appeal's decision could be appealed by either the Crown or the accused to the Supreme Court of Canada, but only if three judges of the latter court first granted leave to appeal.

"We felt we simply had to appeal Ferguson's decision," defendant Gerald Hannon explained. "His ruling that a single passage in an article or magazine, taken out of context, can make a magazine immoral or indecent, is frightening. It's a broad and dangerous threat to freedom of the press for everyone, not just for us."

"We feel we have a responsibility to raise controversial issues and to continue to publish the kind of journalism represented by 'Men Loving Boys Loving Men,'" he added. "If Ferguson's judgment isn't challenged no one in this country will be able to discuss sensitive

topics at all without the threat of prosecution."

No date has yet been set for the hearing of the appeal. A second Crown appeal of another decision of Judge Harris ordering that *TBP*'s seized materials be returned to it by the police is still pending in County Court and no date has been set for argument of that matter either.

Paul Trollope □

Gay rights dropped to please Tories

EDMONTON — An "intense and emotional appeal" by Alberta gay activists to the provincial Human Rights Commission has resulted in the commission's admission that it decided not to recommend gay rights protection because it feared the government would not listen to its other recommendations if the sexual orientation proposal was not dropped.

Edmonton gay activist Doug Whitfield told *TBP* that this reason was offered by Alberta human rights commissioners after an hour-long meeting March 5 between the full commission and representatives of almost all of Alberta's gay groups.

At the meeting, Whitfield said, representatives from the Alberta Lesbian and Gay Rights Association, Gay Alliance Toward Equality, Gay Information and Resources Calgary, Metropolitan Community Church Calgary and Edmonton, and Dignity for Gay Catholics made a joint presentation to the commission, charging that it had betrayed a principle for reasons of political expediency.

"We felt we'd been stabbed in the back by the commission," Whitfield said, "and it was a remarkable meeting in that all the groups, coming from a number of different perspectives, were in complete agreement. Everyone was saying the same thing in different ways. We were being forceful but not strident."

Whitfield felt that the commission's actions increasingly called into question its supposed independence from government. "There's an increasing feeling that they're quite willing to do what they think is necessary to please the Conservatives," he added. □

Cleaning worker appeals dismissal

TORONTO — A man who says he was fired from his job as a cleaning worker because he was trying to pressure his employer to enforce safety regulations is being public about the fact that anti-gay harassment on the job is also a safety issue.

Albert Gedraitis, 40, was fired January 5 from his position as check-up man with Adelaide Building Maintenance, the company which holds the cleaning contract for Hydro Place, the building where Gedraitis worked. The reason given was "failure to co-operate and follow the direction of supervision." Gedraitis says, however, that the firing came within two days of

his having served written notice that he intended to prepare a study which would point out certain company failures under the Occupational Health and Safety Act. He is taking his case to the Ontario Labour Relations Board.

Gedraitis cited an incident where some gross anti-gay behaviour by one of his supervisors distracted him sufficiently to cause a minor accident.

According to Gedraitis's lawyer Harry Kopyto, the hearing before the Ontario Labour Relations Board April 3 may be one of the first hearings under the Occupational Health and Safety Act. The act, passed in October, 1979, prohibits an employer from dismissing or threatening to dismiss anyone who complains about lack of safety on the job, or who tries to pressure an employer into fulfilling its obligations under the act.

Kopyto said the hearing would likely last two or three days, and that they would be calling other Hydro Place workers to testify. "We are asking the Board for reinstatement with full back pay, and an order to cease harassment," he said.

When contacted by *TBP*, officials at Adelaide Building Maintenance refused any comment on the case.

Gedraitis has since found a job working as a porter at the Harbour Castle Hilton.

Gerald Hannon □

Ottawa stops mail to Swedish sex mag

OTTAWA — The publisher of the Swedish gaylib/sex magazine *Revolt* has been denied the services of the Canadian Post Office. The former Tory Postmaster General, John Fraser, issued the interim prohibitory order against *Revolt* Press, Aseda, Sweden, on October 15, 1979. The order became final thirty days later when no request for a Board of Review inquiry was received by Fraser's office.

The order will affect all correspondence from *Revolt* Press or its agents to Canada, and any mail addressed to the company from this country. Mail intercepted to or from *Revolt* Press will be held for thirty days and then destroyed. An interim prohibitory order issued against a firm in Canada could effectively cripple its operation.

The order was issued after a copy of the magazine *Chicken Special*, published by *Revolt* in a limited edition in 1973, was discovered by postal officials and deemed by them to be "obscene, indecent, immoral, or scurrilous."

On several occasions prior to the post office order, *Revolt*, featuring international news, reviews of the arts, and articles on a variety of subjects as well as explicitly sexual photography, has been seized and destroyed by Canada Customs.

Richard King, Post Office Legal Advisor responsible for recommending that interim prohibitory orders be issued, told *TBP* that fewer than half of the cases involve obscenity charges, and that most relate to matters of fraud, such as misleading advertising. Accord-

ing to King, "the number of interim prohibitory orders issued in the last few years has increased by 800%."

Apparently, the Post Office Department will act only when a complaint is received from an individual, organization, or government agency, such as Canada Customs. When asked about the case of *TBP*, about to be retried under section 164 of the Criminal Code, King said, "The reason an order wasn't issued against the paper is because the police never bothered to pursue the matter with us."

Commenting on the scope of Section 7 of the Post Office Act, which gives the Postmaster General broad power to disrupt or halt the operations of a business never brought to trial, Toronto lawyer Clayton Ruby said, "It's a power you wouldn't give your own mother, let alone the government."

Chris Davis □

Equal pay for women is killed by Tories

TORONTO — In keeping with their abysmal record on human rights legislation, Ontario's Conservative government has effectively killed a bill that would end sex discrimination in pay rates.

The legislation, known as Bill 3, was introduced by New Democratic Party MLA Ted Bounsal and was given second reading (approval in principle) by the legislature last spring. However, it has been up to the government to re-introduce the bill for third and final reading, and Labour Minister Robert Elgie now has made it clear that won't happen.

According to Elgie, the concept of equal pay for men and women doing work of equal value is a good idea, but its time hasn't come yet. He and other critics of Bill 3 argue that implementing it would be difficult since it would entail evaluating all classes of jobs to determine those of equal value.

During committee hearings on the bill, numerous examples of pay discrimination were detailed including the case of employees at the Ontario Legislature. Apparently women switchboard operators at the building are paid \$136 less a month than male parking-lot attendants.

Eight business associations made representations at the hearings, opposing the bill for "the catastrophic effect it would have on small business in Ontario."

After Elgie announced that he would not re-introduce the bill, Jeff Hale, operations manager of the Canadian Organization of Small Business, commented that, "to put it mildly, we're delighted." □

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In God we Thrust

HEAVEN — *Thrust* magazine, a publication of the Evangelical Fellowship of Canada, has joined *Playboy* and *Weekend Magazine* in publishing a survey of the attitudes of its readers towards homosexuality. *Thrust's* Spring 78 Centrefold featured "A Study of Attitudes Among Evangelicals Towards the Problems of Homosexuality in Contemporary Society." The questionnaire was sent to 10,000 subscribers, and the views of the 1,000 respondents were published in the 1979 fourth quarterly issue.

Thrust asked its readers 14 questions, and elicited some predictably negative responses:

- 78% felt homosexuality was a result of "personal sin."
- 81% felt the laws governing homosexuality in Canada should be stricter.
- 65% favoured "tough forms of punishment to reduce incidence of homosexual practices in Canada."
- 68% would not allow even a "non-practising homosexual" to hold an office in their church.

There is some indication of a liberalizing trend among Evangelicals, however, because only 33% felt homosexuality was more sinful than adultery, and 77% could hardly wait for their church to set up a special clinic to minister to homosexuals. In the church crypt, perhaps?

Thrust even provided a profile of its respondents. Sixty-six percent were clergymen, 85% were married, and 70% were parents (the two alternatives in this category were "parents" and "non-parents"). No statistics were given on the percentage of gay respondents.

If you're wondering why you weren't sent a questionnaire, you can write to *Thrust* editor Allan Shantz, The Evangelical Fellowship of Canada, Box 8800, Stn B, Willowdale, Ontario, or phone (416) 497-4796.

Robert Trow □

Black rights leader awarded damages

TORONTO — Black civil rights lawyer Charles Roach, a prominent figure in the ongoing police-minorities controversy here and a co-chairperson of the International Committee Against Racism has been awarded \$512 damages for an assault on him by two Metropolitan Toronto Police constables.

In an important 50-page decision, Judge Marvin Zuker of Small Claims Court ruled February 21 that police constables Roy Pollitt and David Smith "did not have reasonable and probable grounds that suggested criminality," and consequently unlawfully arrested Roach on March 21, 1978 when he was walking home.

The two police officers and former Metro Police Chief Harold Adamson, who was also made a defendant in the case, are appealing Zuker's judgment to the Divisional Court — a branch of the Supreme Court of Ontario. One ground of appeal questions the judge's impartiality.

Zuker did not make a single point in his judgment in favour of the police, the notice of appeal says, and displayed "such a strong philosophical inclination into a very liberal direction as to put in question his impartiality."

Zuker essentially found that police must have reasonable and probable grounds to believe that a person has committed an offence before they can lawfully arrest that person. The mere fact that they had been warned to look out for a black man in connection with break-ins in the residential area where Roach lived did not constitute "reasonable and probable grounds" for arresting Roach. The police action which resulted in minor injuries to Roach therefore constituted assault, and punitive damages were awarded in order to "punish the wrongdoer," Zuker said.

Zuker said that "citizens stopped in similar circumstances have a right not to be arrested, a right to remain silent and, as a corollary, a right not to be arrested if they choose to be silent unless grounds exist." He said the police officers were wrong to arrest Roach without proper grounds because "this would countenance a detain-now, justify-later approach to police activity."

Paul Trollope □

Of all the GALL...

TORONTO — A newly formed organization of gay Liberals overcame its first setback recently when Liberal Party organizers failed to prevent the group from getting a listing on the notice board of the hotel where the party was holding its annual meeting.

Peter Maloney, one of the organizers of Gay and Lesbian Liberals (GALL — "the acronym is intended," he says), booked a room for the group at the downtown Holiday Inn for the March 1st and 2nd meeting. However, when GALL members arrived to open the suite, hotel management informed them that meeting organizers had asked that the GALL listing not appear on the same notice board as theirs. "After a brief confrontation, however," Maloney said, "the Liberal organizers backed down and the name was posted in full."

Although the suite was staffed full-time for the two-and-a-half-day meeting, organizers described the attendance as disappointing.

GALL can be contacted c/o 29 Granby St, Toronto, ON M5B 1H8. □

GROWING

The Lesbian Show, broadcast weekly on CFRO-FM (102.7 MHz) Vancouver, is offering a tape service. Tapes are available of their shows on separatism, spirituality, and lesbians in prison. They have also produced a six-part series, *Lesbians and Music*. Info on the non-profit collective's service from: The Lesbian Show Tape Service, 337 Carrall St, Vancouver BC V6B 2J4.

Send items for Growing to TBP, Box 7289, Stn A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9.

Smut squad cops with a wrist problem? Just some "parody behaviour" says the deviancy prof.

City denies women's grant after council shouting match

VANCOUVER — The Vancouver Status of Women (VSW) is appealing a March 4 city council decision to deny the organization \$9,920 funding for the operation of their "Ombudservice." Opponents of the grant, led by Alderperson Bernice Gerard, criticized the organization, a women's advocacy group, saying it promoted abortion and the placing of gay activists in schools. The VSW in fact does neither, but has a pro-choice position on abortion, as does the national YWCA, BC Civil Liberties, the Unitarian Church and the United Church of Canada. The organization also supports the inclusion of sexual orientation in the BC Human Rights Code.

Gerard, a TV evangelist and pro-lifer famous for her walks on Wreck Beach to intimidate nude sunbathers, confused matters by quoting from a report of the status of women committee of the BC Teachers' Federation, a group unrelated to VSW. She then used that committee's endorsement of gay teachers to denounce VSW's request for taxpayers' money to allow gays "to inflict their philosophies on poor little independent schools in Quebec."

During her speech, Gerard waved a copy of VSW's newspaper, *Kinesis*, and claimed that it proved her allegations. The publication is not funded by grant money, all of which goes to office rental and salaries.

She was supported in her motion by Mayor Jack Volrich, and Alderpersons George Puil, Doug Little and Warnett Kennedy. Kennedy suggested that Status of Women members "get back to their knitting and do the proper thing." Alderperson Darlene Marzari, a long-time supporter of feminist and gay concerns, accused Gerard of "outright lies, outright pieces of slander, outright misuse of information," and termed Gerard's self-description as a feminist

Sgt Dennis Robinson, injured in an unrelated incident, led the Barracks raid.



"absolutely dishonest and hypocritical." The meeting quickly became a shouting match, and was adjourned by the mayor for five minutes to restore order.

VSW applied to the city's social planning department for over \$19,000 to finance Ombudservice since the province, the organization's sole source of funding thus far, had refused to increase their grant to cover the programme. The social planning department had recommended a grant of about half the amount requested, and council approval is usually a routine matter.

VSW spokesperson Debra Lewis told *TBP* that the appeal against the refusal would be heard by city council itself. "It's ironic," she said, "that we'll only get a chance to speak in defence of the grant after it's been turned down." She said she did not expect the appeal would be heard for several weeks.

In an open letter to the mayor and Vancouver city council, GATE Vancouver spokesperson Terry Ludwar said the refusal was "based upon misinformation and bigotry," and "was an insult to all women and gays"

Chris Davis □

Five plead guilty in Barracks case

TORONTO — Of the twenty-three men originally charged as found-ins at The Barracks steambath after a police raid December 9, 1978, only 17 are still fighting the charges. Five have apparently pleaded guilty while a sixth man is said to have permanently left Canada after being released by police on a promise to appear in court.

The remaining 17 found-ins appeared in Provincial Court February 26. However, after being informed that proceedings were pending in the Supreme Court

of Ontario on a matter relating to the "keepers" case (*TBP*, March), Provincial Judge Reid Scott agreed that the disposition of the Supreme Court proceedings would affect the 17 found-ins, and so adjourned all their cases to June 4, 1980.

The men who pleaded guilty did not appear in court on the found-ins' last court appearance, and were not represented by counsel on that occasion. As their names did not appear on the court docket, legal observers said they must have arranged special court appearances where they could plead guilty and be sentenced without being associated with the other found-ins. The manoeuvre probably was arranged to avoid the press publishing the men's names and the fact that they had pleaded guilty.

A spokesperson for the Right to Privacy Committee said all those pleading guilty had received absolute discharges. Although persons receiving absolute discharges are not "convicted," the courts and the police keep records of the fact that they were charged and found guilty of a criminal offence.

Gay community spokespersons are fearful that the men who pleaded guilty may have done so without fully understanding the consequences, and probably did so mainly to avoid an endless series of court appearances while the keepers' case is taken to higher and higher courts. Avoidance of publicity was probably another factor involved in the decision.

It is also suspected that the Crown, which had not anticipated lengthy and vigorous constitutional challenges to the bawdy house laws, has engaged in plea bargaining with the found-ins, probably offering to agree to absolute discharges in return for a few quick guilty pleas. □

Cop slams "queers" during talk at college

TORONTO — Although the head of the Morality Bureau has told *TBP* it would not tolerate a homophobic officer, it appears at least one of Morality's men enjoys denigrating gay people during public talks on "sexual deviance."

According to a student in the Sociology of Deviance class at York University, an officer Stevens from the Morality Bureau spoke to the class last November. The student said that Stevens described in graphic detail his visits to local gay baths, used derogatory terms like "fags" and "queers," and punctuated his talk with limp-wrist gestures.

TBP contacted Professor Fred Diamond, the instructor in whose class the event occurred. Diamond said that two or three times a year he has someone from Morality come in and talk on "sexual deviance," though the officer usually concentrates on prostitution and pimping. He said he couldn't remember the details of Steven's presentations, but he did recollect "some parody behaviour" when Stevens had talked about early bath raids on the International Baths on Spadina. "They're very careful generally though," he added. "Whatever they may think, they're good at hiding it."

He did recall that a student had once asked Stevens if he would work with a homosexual partner, and the officer had replied "Are you kidding? Not on your life!"

A Morality spokesman told *TBP* that Stevens was on vacation, and could not be reached for comment.

Gerald Hannon □

Gay-basher may be deported

TORONTO — A 19-year-old youth charged by police with assault causing bodily harm after an altercation with members of a gay self-defence patrol last Hallowe'en has been convicted and fined \$100.

David Caten, 19, a West Indian immigrant, was one of a group of four or five people intimidating patrons outside the Parkside and St Charles taverns last Hallowe'en. The group was throwing eggs at gays and verbally insulting them.

One of the gay self-defence patrols set up as part of Operation Jack-O'-Lantern confronted Caten and began to argue with him. The gay group included activists Clarence Barnes, Gordon Carman and Gary Kinsman, and city alderperson Allan Sparrow.

During the conversation, Barnes apparently told Caten "gays don't need you intimidating us in back alleys. When you call us faggots or queers it's just as insulting as if we went around calling you niggers."

At this point Caten punched Barnes in the nose, causing a nosebleed. The self-defence group formed a circle around Caten, linking arms to close him in until help arrived. Caten, however, bolted through the circle and was pur-

sued by Carman, who was subsequently knocked down. The police then arrived on the scene.

Caten was arrested and charged with assault causing bodily harm. In turn, Caten counter-charged Carman with common assault.

In Provincial Court February 21, Caten pleaded not guilty as charged but guilty to the lesser offence of common assault. The Crown accepted the plea and Caten was found guilty. Charges against Carman were dropped.

Provincial Judge Joseph Addison, after learning that Caten had a previous, although minor, criminal record, convicted him and fined him \$100 or 15 days in jail.

Caten, a Grade 11 student at Central Technical High School, now faces a deportation hearing because of his criminal record. Barnes has agreed to testify on his behalf because he does not believe Caten should be deported.

Gary Kinsman told *TBP*: "Maybe Caten misunderstood the point Barnes was trying to make about anti-gay slurs being similar to racial slurs. Fining him won't change his consciousness about gay people."

Paul Trollope □

Refused dance hall, group files complaint

CALGARY — Gay Information and Resources Calgary (GIRC) filed a complaint February 1 with the Alberta Human Rights Commission, alleging that the Victoria Park Community Association had discriminated in refusing to rent its hall for a GIRC dance.

GIRC's Bob Harris said he attempted to book the hall January 21, and though he encountered some initial confusion ("I had to spell the word gay for her," he said), the association employee promised to call him back.

"She didn't call back," Harris said, "so I called her two days later. She told me she was a little surprised to hear from me, but in any case all the dates I wanted were booked, and that the hall was booked on Saturday nights until the end of August."

Harris then arranged for a lesbian friend to call and attempt to book the hall for a June wedding on one of the dates requested by GIRC. An association employee confirmed January 23 that the June date was open. When Harris called Victoria Park one more time to request that they check and make sure the June date was unavailable, he was told that it had been booked some time ago for a wedding.

The Victoria Park Community Association is volunteer-run, and funded by the group who organized it. It does, however, have a policy of making space available to the general public.

Although a complaint has been registered with the Human Rights Commission, that body can conduct only an informal investigation since sexual orientation is not included in Alberta's Individual's Rights Protection Act. □

"Winds of Change" raise cop mag's ire

TORONTO — The Metro Toronto Police publication *News and Views* has come under heavy public criticism again, this time for remarks made about recent appointments to the City of Toronto Planning Board. The February 1980 issue carried an article entitled "The Winds of Change" by Police Association member James Bredin, which reported that Toronto City Council had "recently appointed George Hislop, an open gay... Margaret Gittens, a Trinidadian lady, and Philip Biggin, president of the Union of Injured Workers," to the City Planning Board.

Although Bredin's ostensible purpose was to encourage a greater awareness of the effects of social change on the police force, the tone of the article was critical of the movement towards increasing governmental and public control of the police, highlighted by the newly instituted civilian review board. Bredin argued that police should take a more active role in the political process to protect themselves against increasing political pressures.

George Hislop felt the article expressed the fear and suspicion with which

many police regard any progressive changes in the social and political structure, particularly as these changes affect the police department. "Many blacks, gays, and unionists increasingly see the police cast in the role of opponents rather than as allies and protectors," Hislop said. "Police are aware of this, and feel threatened by the appointment of a black woman, an open gay, and a labour activist to positions of power."

Bredin's remarks were widely reported in the Canadian media. The *Toronto and Vancouver Suns* both editorialized on the issue, criticizing the bigoted overtones of the references to the planning board appointments, and cautioning against police lobbying in the political process. Almost a year ago, the March 79 issue of *News and Views* caused a scandal because of the blatantly homophobic and racist material it contained.

A few days before the most recent *News and Views* column came to public attention, Association President Mal Connolly was reported in the *Toronto Sun* as stating that the police union would back political candidates in the November 1980 elections, even though this contravenes the Police Act. At the time, Connolly said that the endorsed candidates "could well be black or gay," but stressed that they would be working in "the best interests of good policing."

Robert Trow □

Stop hate-line or face prison, judge orders Western Guard

TORONTO — In one of the first court cases to be decided under the recently enacted Canadian Human Rights Act, Western Guard Party leader John Ross Taylor has been found guilty of contempt of court and sentenced to one year in jail. However, execution of the sentence has been suspended, and Taylor will not have to serve it unless he again violates a Canadian Human Rights Commission special tribunal order made against him July 20, 1979.

The tribunal was appointed under the Human Rights Act to inquire into complaints that Taylor's recorded telephone messages incited hatred or contempt against Jews.

Mr Justice Jean-Eudes Dubé of the Federal Court of Canada ruled February 21 that Taylor and his far-right white supremacist party violated the tribunal's cease-and-desist order by continuing to record and transmit messages similar to those which had formed the basis for the original order.

"The Canadian Human Rights Commission is a relatively new institution... Its mandate is strong and significant," Dubé ruled. "It is therefore very important, at this early stage, that its mission be taken seriously

by all, including would-be merchants of racial discrimination."

Dubé suspended the sentence on the condition that Taylor not transmit recorded messages with content contravening the Act by inciting racial hatred or contempt. In addition to the jail term to which Taylor personally was sentenced, Dubé also fined the Western Guard Party \$5,000. However, the fine was also suspended provided there were no further contraventions of the order.

The basic theme of the recorded messages has been that an international conspiracy of Jews is plotting to control the world and cause the degeneration of Western society through racial mixing, homosexuality and lack of respect for law and order.

The Party has repeatedly used its telephone messages to attack gays, and one recording explained that the acquittal of *TBP* on criminal charges was connected to the fact that *TBP*'s lawyer, Clayton Ruby, and the trial judge, Sydney Harris, are both Jewish.

The Canadian Human Rights Act, enacted in July, 1977, came into force in March 1978 and prohibits discrimination on such grounds as race, colour, religion and sex. It forbids the use of the telephone to repeatedly communicate messages inciting hatred or contempt against a protected group.

When a Human Rights Tribunal set up by the Commission makes a cease-and-desist order, it becomes in effect a judgment of the Federal Court of Canada. A violation of the order is contempt of court and is punishable by fines of up to \$5,000 or imprisonment for one year or both. Dubé thus imposed the maximum sentence in both cases.

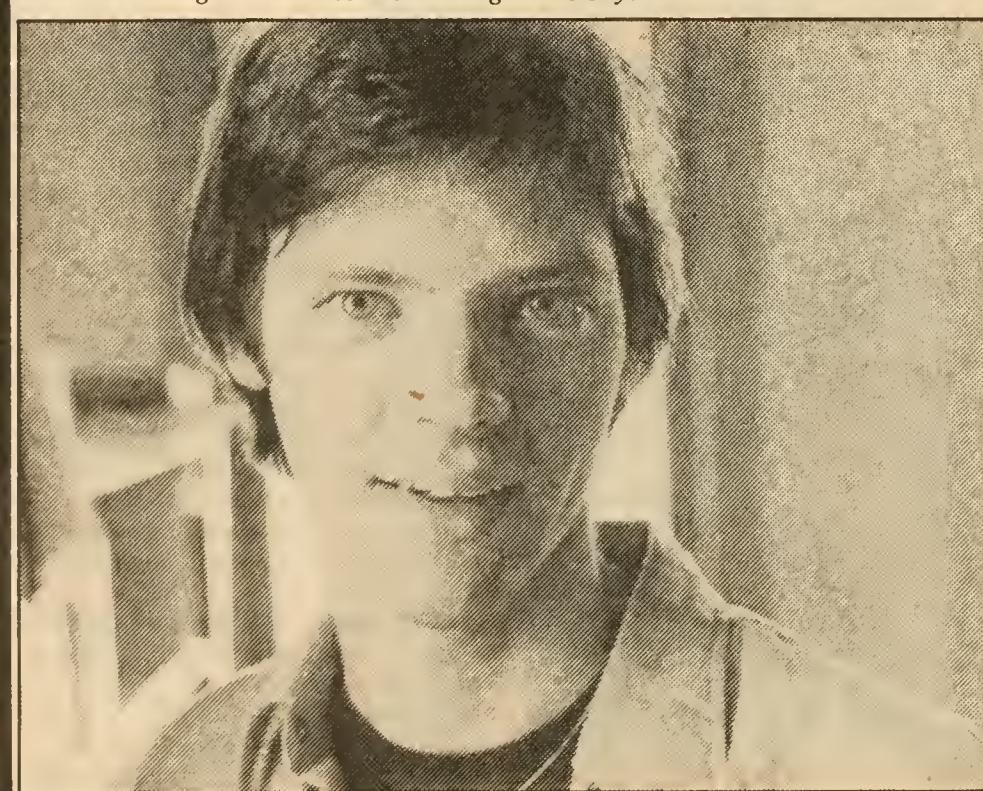
Paul Trollope □

Let them use pennies like the rest of us...

The Metro Toronto police budget has never been a very enlightening document — the categories are far too general — but it has been coming under increasing scrutiny lately as people try to ascertain just how much money is going towards park and washroom busts.

Gay activist Peter Maloney has been studying the proposed budget for 1980, and reports the following line item: "Increased electrical services for Privacy Act Section. (An increased use of electrical machinery by the Summons and Intelligence Bureau is causing an overload of the existing electrical services. This is indicated by the numerous electrical failures due to blown fuses, etc which causes disruption in the continuous tape recordings of conversations under the Privacy Act Authorizations.)"

The amount requested? A cool \$2,400. Which reads like a lot of fuses — and a lot of conversations recorded under the "Privacy Act." Someone up there has a sense of humour. □



Man raped at knife point says judo more helpful than the police

TORONTO — A 29-year-old man was raped here recently by two men, one of whom was armed with a knife. The man, who said he was sure his assailants were straight, reported that a police officer he later flagged down tried to discourage him from formally reporting the incident.

Jason, who did not want his full name used, told *TBP* he had left the Barn, a gay bar at Church and Granby, at about 1:30 AM February 21. He headed across a parking lot toward a nearby hamburger place when a man obviously having trouble with his car door asked Jason for help.

"When I was bent over the door trying to help get it open a second guy jumped out from behind another car and put a knife to my throat," Jason said. "I told him I didn't have any money, but he just said 'get into the car you fuckin' faggot.' They shoved me face down in the back seat.

"We drove for no more than five minutes. We stopped, I was hauled out of the back seat by my collar with the knife still at my neck. I never really got a good look at either of them."

Jason said they made him bend over in a deserted area between what looked like two apartment buildings.

"The guy in front of me still had the blade against my throat," he said. "Then the guy behind me told me to take my pants down, and when I didn't move he reached around, undid my belt buckle and pulled them down around my thighs. Then I heard him unzip and I could tell he was masturbating and suddenly he just pushed it in. He said, 'This feels good doesn't it faggot, you guys like this don't you.' I decided I couldn't fight. I studied judo for ten years but the knife was still at my throat and I had no room to manoeuvre."

At that point there was a noise somewhere behind the man holding the knife, and when he turned to look he briefly took the knife away from Jason's throat. "That gave me the opening," he said. "I punched him in the throat, turned quickly and elbowed the other guy in the throat. Then I turned back to the first guy and used a hold meant to break his arm. I heard it snap. Then I kneed the first guy in the face, and when he fell I jumped up in the air and came down with both feet on his legs. Then I ran still holding my jeans up."

Jason said he ran to the first major intersection and tried to flag down a car but no one would stop. Finally an unmarked police car driven by a uniformed officer did stop. Jason said the officer didn't seem to believe his story, but did drive him back to the scene. There was no one there.

"He told me there wasn't much that could be done. When I said I'd broken one guy's arm and maybe they could check hospitals, he laughed and said I'd been watching too many TV shows. He told me I shouldn't have been out that

late anyway, and when I said I'd been at the Barn, he just looked knowing."

Jason said he was so upset he forgot to get the policeman's name, and since he didn't want to face the same kind of thing at the police station, he went home.

"I didn't sleep that night," he said. "I was so angry. It made me feel sub-human. I think I can understand what a woman feels like when she's raped. I felt degraded. And I hated those people. I wanted to kill them."

Jason also emphasized the importance of his self-defence skills. "I'm only 5'8" and 130 lbs so it made all the difference my knowing what to do. And I would always tell people to try and relax and remain calm. Maybe then you'll get them off guard."

Readers in Toronto and Vancouver should know that gay groups in both cities are offering self-defence courses. In Toronto, contact Box 793, Station Q, M4T 2N7. In Vancouver, contact GATE at 102-119 W Pender St.

Gerald Hannon □

West coast cops promise gay arrests

VANCOUVER — Police have threatened to launch a campaign of "numerous arrests" in gay cruising grounds unless sexual activity is halted in those areas.

Operating on alleged complaints of sexual activity at English Bay and Sunset Beach, police issued warnings of "public sex arrests" through the media and to gay representatives of a police liaison committee. They warn that plainclothes as well as uniformed police officers will patrol those areas, and charges will be laid. Members of the gay liaison committee have posted warning signs in gay bars, but have not publicly criticized police for their selective treatment of gays.

The Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE) has again asked Mayor Jack Volrich to instruct the police force to cease its campaign of entrapping and harassing Vancouver lesbians and gay men. At a meeting last August to protest police inaction and violence against gays, gay community members called upon the mayor to intervene and set a policy of "protection, not harassment, of Vancouver lesbians and gays."

Rob Joyce □

Family law critics fear homo marriages

MONCTON — A proposed family law reform bill, to be re-introduced into the New Brunswick legislature this session, has been criticized because it could be seen as legalizing homosexual marriages.

The proposed legislation, entitled The Marital Property Act, was designed to provide a more equitable division of property acquired during a marriage. It

would allow married or common-law couples to draw up ownership contracts to be dealt with upon divorce or separation.

While same-sex couples are not mentioned in the bill, Article 41 of Part IV states that "persons who have cohabitated continuously for a period of not less than 3 years shall be deemed to be spouses." Since "spouse" is not given a gender identification, opponents of the bill are worried that it could apply to same-sex couples.

Eric Teed, a lawyer who heads the New Brunswick Bar Society committee on the proposed family law changes, stated that the bill's "wording goes far beyond what is needed," and would allow for the legalization of homosexual marriages, bigamy and polygamy. Teed told a Moncton Home and School As-

sociation meeting February 25 that "If marriage is to mean anything, there has to be a distinction somewhere along the line."

However, according to Moncton law professor John Manwaring, "the possibility of the argument for gay marriage being accepted by any court on the basis of the proposed bill is highly unlikely." Several years ago Manitoba County Court Judge Philp ruled that similarly worded legislation in that province could only be interpreted as referring exclusively to male/female couples.

Teed and other critics of the proposed New Brunswick legislation are thought to be raising the issue of gay marriage to discredit the legislation which would provide women with more equality in marriage.

Bill Lewis □



International Women's Day: Striking back against Ma Bell

TORONTO — More than 1,500 women took to the streets March 8 in one of the largest International Women's Day celebrations in recent years. The march, which followed a short rally at City Hall, focussed on the need for better job opportunities and working conditions for women, and also demanded improved medical care (including the right to abortion), an end to rape and other violence against women, support for lesbian rights, and a nuclear-free future. This was the second year in a row that Toronto's city government has supported the celebrations.

The demonstration involved contingents of women strikers from Bell Canada, Fotomat Canada Ltd., Radio Shack (in Barrie) and Blue Cross. The involvement of union women, in keeping with the tradition of IWD — declared 70 years ago to honour an 1857 strike of women textile workers in New York — was the highlight of this year's action. The organizers were especially

eager to demonstrate support for the women of the Communications Workers of Canada (the Bell operators). More than 6900 of them and 500 cafeteria staff have been off work in Ontario and Quebec since January 21. The march converged on University Avenue to chants of "Help crack Bell" and protesters burned a large cardboard Bell logo in effigy.

The procession, still clanging homemade bells, wound its way through snowy streets to King Edward School at the corner of Bathurst and College where a women's fair took place. The fair, consisting of displays and workshops sponsored by many of the groups who support International Women's Day, was at least as well attended as the march. In addition, films were screened, including one of last year's festivities, musicians performed and a production of the feminist anti-nuke play *Sizzle City* was staged. □

Gate crashing may not be polite, but sometimes it's the only way to get to talk to the Attorney General.

Union drops bid for job protection

NIAGARA FALLS — Members of the Humane Society unit of CUPE Local 133 abandoned an attempt to have sexual orientation included in the anti-discrimination clause of their contract, and ratified a new 1-year agreement March 10 which does not include protection for gay people. The demand had been pressed until almost the last moment of negotiations, but it appears union members did not wish to go on strike over the issue.

Talks had broken off, in fact, when CUPE St Catharines region representative Joe Bouchard informed the Niagara Frontier Humane Society (NFHS) negotiating committee February 11 that the union was not prepared to negotiate further unless the Society agreed to the membership's sexual orientation demand. Earlier in the talks, the union bargaining unit had dropped demands for the inclusion of criminal record and physical disability in the anti-discrimination clause.

On March 7, the matter went into conciliation, the last step before a strike vote. At that point, the union bargaining committee decided to avoid a strike and accept management's offer. The vote was: two in favour, one opposed and one abstention.

Ljuba Gerow, NFHS president, said that the society was concerned about the possible negative reaction of parents who bring their children to the animal shelter. She stated that the society has a policy of non-discrimination towards its gay employees, but is unwilling to put it in writing.

Bouchard told *TBP* that at their national convention in October 1979, CUPE delegates passed a resolution to change union policy to include sexual orientation in the anti-discrimination clause of collective agreements. When contacted by *TBP*, however, CUPE national public relations officer Pat Van Horne would not confirm this.

Negotiations around next year's collective agreement will begin in September. Says Shop Steward and gay activist Tim Veysey, "If I have anything to say about it, sexual orientation will be back on the table this fall. Time will tell whether CUPE will fulfill its promise of support."

Chris Davis □

Man sues lover after "gay divorce"

WINDSOR — Daniel Strocken has launched a property settlement lawsuit against his former lover in an attempt to prove that individuals in a homosexual relationship have legal obligations to each other. Strocken has alleged that his former lover defrauded him of his rightful share of a home and other property that the two men shared in Windsor between 1974 and 1978.

The suit was filed in Macomb County Court (Michigan, USA) because the defendant now lives there. □

Strocken's attorney, Harold Gach of Mt Clemens, MI, has argued that the case is more than a simple violation of a verbal contract because the two men were involved in a gay relationship. Gach claims that the defendant had "a duty to deal honestly and in good faith" with his client because transactions between the two were not "at arms length" as they would be in the business world, and that the length and nature of their relationship created special duties and obligations for each.

Strocken and his attorney are therefore seeking exemplary damages because "the Plaintiff suffered mental anxiety, aggravation, indignation, had his happiness destroyed by the Defendant, and suffered substantial worry and inconvenience."

The suit, which could take up to a year to settle, has been hailed by the straight press as the gay "Lee Marvin case," both for its sensational qualities and because it could set new legal precedents affecting the break-up of gay relationships for Americans.

Canadian lesbians and gay men are unlikely to be affected by the outcome of the case unless they find themselves in circumstances like those faced by Daniel Strocken. □

Gays not invited, but turn up anyway

TORONTO — Although gay people were not invited to a recent conference entitled "Changing Attitudes for the Eighties: A Conference on Police/Community Relations," two community representatives turned up anyway to put forward the concerns of gay people.

Held March 8 at the Hotel Triumph, and sponsored by the Liaison Group on Law Enforcement and Race Relations, the day-long meeting proposed "to frankly discuss the present situation in Metro." Spokesperson Susan Archibald told *TBP* the group had not considered inviting gay people since the organization concerned itself only with relations between the police and visible minorities.

However, Peter Maloney and George Hislop attended the conference, and made a strong presentation concerning the problems of gay youth at a workshop on Youth and Law Enforcement.

Both men got a chance to speak to Attorney General Roy McMurtry, who was keynote speaker at the dinner later that evening. They tried to pressure McMurtry to name a date for the meeting with representatives of the gay community which he has been avoiding for some months. McMurtry reportedly replied that if all they wanted to talk about was the *Body Politic* case, a meeting wouldn't serve any purpose. On Hislop's insistence that there were other issues, McMurtry advised they seek an appointment through one of his aides.

Both Hislop and Maloney felt it was important that the meeting had a visible gay presence. Hislop noted as well that both Police Commission Chairman Phil Givens and Black activist Bromley Armstrong referred to gay concerns during their speeches. □

Toronto and Montreal groups leaflet audiences at *Cruising*

In Toronto, about 40 gay men, feminists and supporters braved the coldest day of winter to demonstrate in front of the Uptown cinemas February 29 against the William Friedkin movie *Cruising*.

The demonstration had been organized by Gays Against the Movie Cruising (GATMC), a Toronto-based group formed in January to organize leafleting of the film and initiate discussion of possible further action against it. About 50 members of the gay community and supporters from the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre attended a public meeting at the Church Street Community Centre February 21 to discuss the film and what should be done about it.

After a week of leafleting the film, GATMC activists proposed a demonstration. The meeting agreed almost unanimously, but also endorsed a proposal that GATMC and its supporters publicize the position that the film should be boycotted.

The demonstration was lively but uneventful, with police exchanging friendly words with picketers carrying signs reading "The murder of gay men is not entertainment," "Stop violence against women and gays," and "Down with media bigotry."

However, three days before the demonstration, GATMC member and gay activist Jim McNeil was "arrested" by a lone police officer patrolling Yonge Street who claimed there was a municipal bylaw prohibiting the distribution of leaflets. The unidentified officer also

threatened to charge McNeil with obstruction of justice if he repeated the leafleting.

Inquiries to Metro Toronto Police's 52 Division the following day revealed that the police officer had been told by his supervisors that he was mistaken in arresting McNeil. No charges have been laid, and the incident appears to have been the result of an "error."

Gays in Montreal protested outside the Claremont theatre at the February 15 opening of *Cruising* there, and distributed a bilingual leaflet entitled "Why you should look at *Cruising* with your eyes open." More than 1,000 copies of the leaflet were distributed by an ad hoc committee of gay activists to a largely straight audience which responded favourably to the protest.

"Movie-goers who pay \$4 to see *Cruising* must be reminded how this movie sells, exploits and sensationalizes the violence that surrounds lesbians and gay men in our daily lives," the leaflet concluded.

Although the protest went largely unnoticed by Montreal media, a review of the film in the English-language daily *The Gazette* attacked the film as "dishonest...voyeuristic pornography without redeeming merit." The following week the same paper ran a lengthy, sharply-worded critique of *Cruising* written by Will Aitken, who also writes for the New York gay magazine *Christopher Street*.

Paul Trollope and Stuart Russell □

Cruising takes a bruising: Gays and feminists in Toronto (below) and Montreal protest the film.

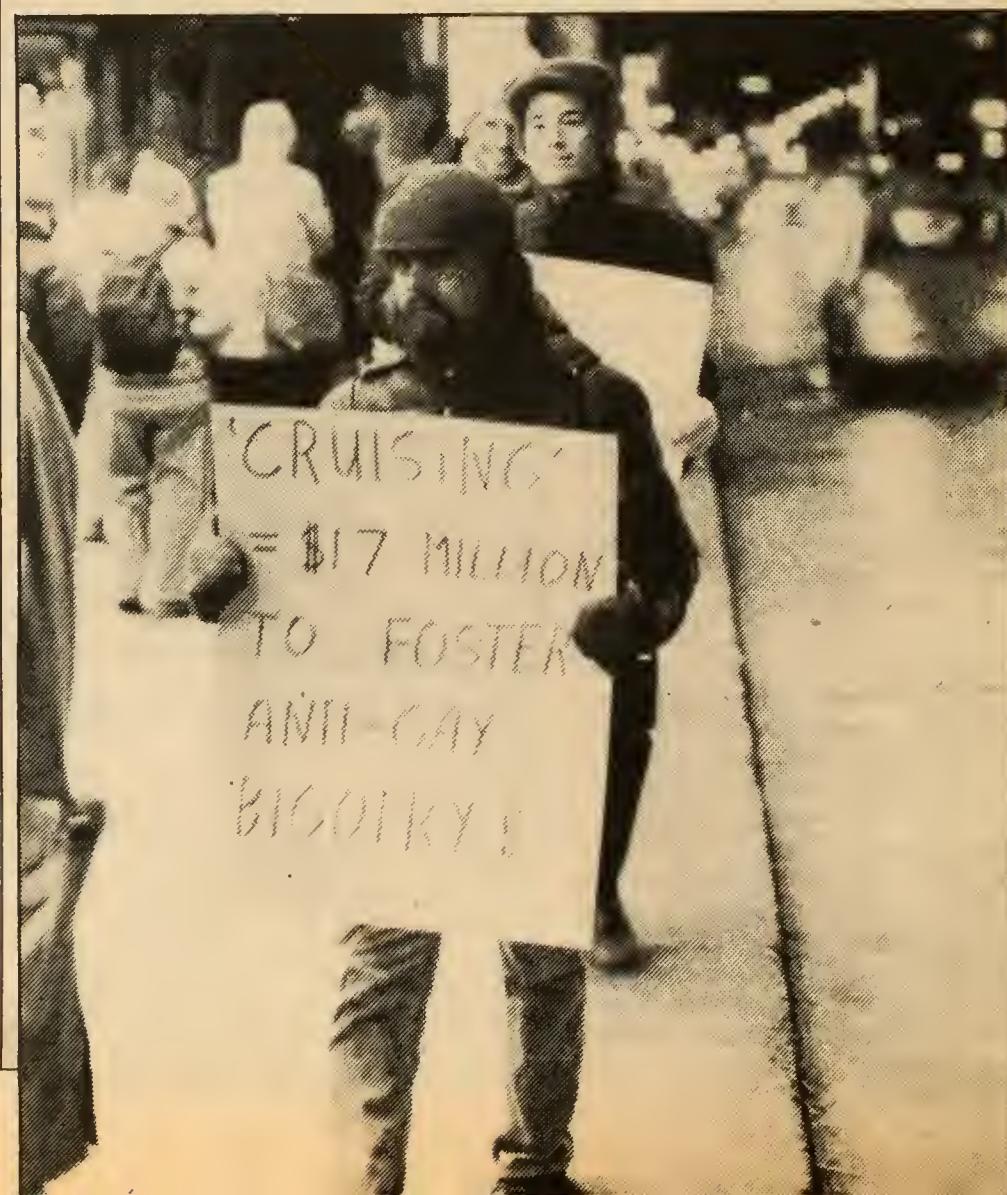


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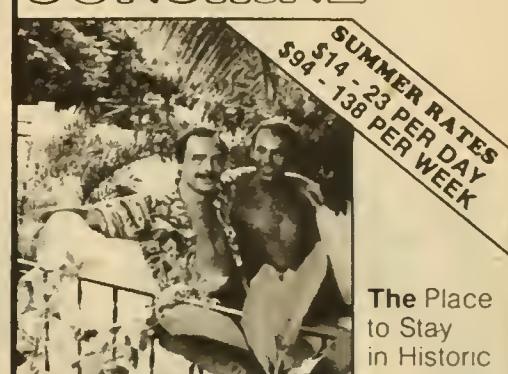
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TribalRites

by James Tennyson

...and always be respectable

Back in the dear dead days of heterosexuality, which in my case are not beyond recall, I remember an interesting phenomenon among the guys in my high school. Every one wanted to go out with and plumb the depths of certain young women who had the reputation of being a trifle loose, of being "sleaze bags," easy lays. These women found their social calendars quite full, particularly late in the evenings. Often our "easy piece" was picked up after her escort had dropped off his *real* girlfriend at her parents' home, partaken of a good-night kiss, and hustled away to get his rocks off.

But of course our little sexual dalliance wasn't a *real* girlfriend, she was just for laughs, eh? One married Number One because "she wasn't like *that*, eh? I mean, howja wanna dip into *that* alla time, eh? Jeez, how could ya ever respect her?" Apparently not at all, but it certainly seemed fun for extracurricular recreation. Eh?

I remember being particularly friendly with a couple of these women. They struck me as being open, delightful, witty, and without that aura of repressed sexual frenzy with which the late adolescent is suffused. They called a spade a spade — a fuckin' spade, usually — and their direct means of expression was often a bit intimidating. But I loved it, and they seemed to point in the right direction of personal liberation. At least they were more integrated than the rest of my scrambled buddies.

Well, all this is behind me now. At least I thought it was behind me, until I came out, that is. At first I bought all that early Seventies rhetoric about friends and lovers being indistinguishable: that all gay men were my brothers, and so forth. I was heartened by these thoughts, until I got circulating and came face to face with the fact that 95% of gay men divide their acquaintances into two unequal groups: (1) their friends, and (2) those people who are eligible to have sex with. Members of group two may, on rare occasions, enter group one, but never, ah never, the other way around.

Let's take, for example, a friend of mine. We met on professional grounds, through my role as a musician. He became very chummy, and we began to flirt outrageously with each other. We reached the "wanna coffee" stage. We discussed family, friends, hopes, fears, aspirations, disco, the gay movement, and after a few months he manoeuvred me into inviting him to my place to be tutored, musically. Our previous encounters were replayed — in the comfort of my own home. He sat on my chesterfield with his hand down the front of his pants fidgeting like an adolescent. But when I made a discreet pass, no, no, he couldn't handle it. "Don't tell me," I said, "you're one of those who separates friends and sex partners?" Yes, indeed he was. I was told, "Jim, I think the world of you, I think of you all the time." And suddenly the tip-off; "I respect you so much as

a man and a musician" — that sex was out of the question.

It would seem that the human male has a very large problem where his sex life is concerned. "Sex," says my musical buddy, "is purely recreational — why, the man I'd die for I've *never* slept with." He uttered the word "never" as if the mere mention of sex might taint the holy bond. Recreational sex seems to equal tainted sex. Sex and respect seem also to be mutually exclusive. This, in my "het" days, always seemed strange. What a reflection this casts on those who abstain for the sake of a relationship, as if some sort of anti-Platonic contagion were passed via physical contact, rather like original sin.

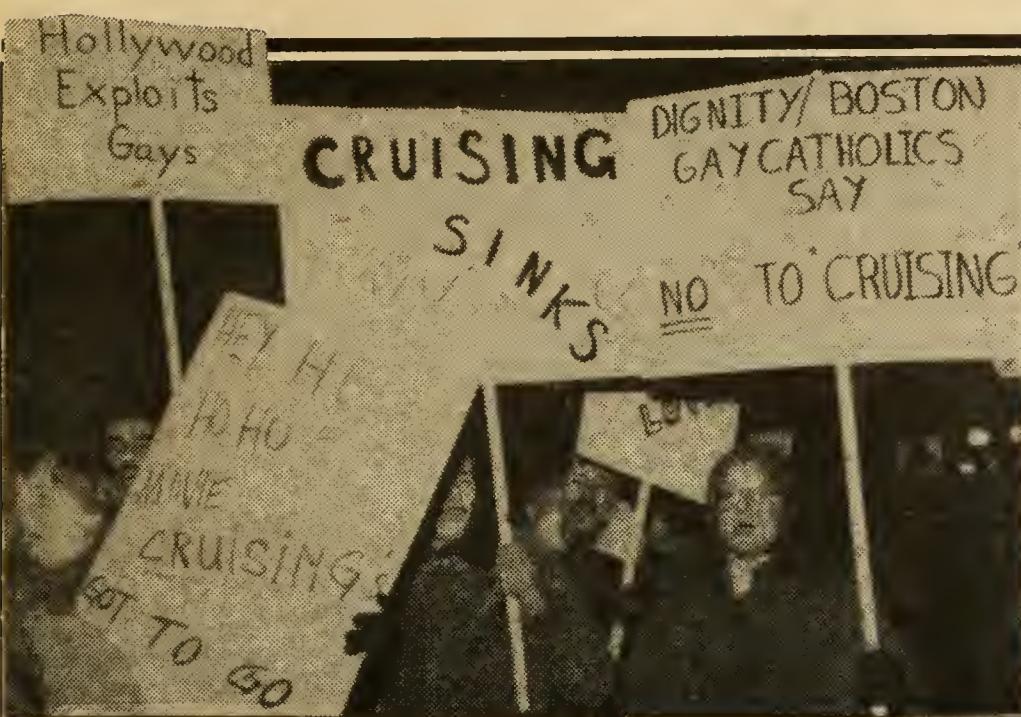
And so in a true friendship there is never the taint of carnality. The sexual tension may be so thick that you could spread it on toast, but we must never lose our Platonic virginity. What so many men forget is that any friendship is made up of a myriad of small aspects, one of which, gentlemen, is often physical attraction. "Jeez, I remember before I came out," we say, "I had the hots for about half my friends, but the awful thing was I couldn't do anything about it then." Or now either, it would seem. Now we have our easy lays to get our rocks off. We call them pick-ups. We have the "girl we marry" in order to combine the sacred and profane relationship. We call them lovers. And we still have the guys who we drink with as we always did. But now, of course, we're not attracted to them, like before. This is called being out. Aren't we lucky?

I myself have had, and seen, friendships go very sour because of this whole phenomenon. "No, no" one or both parties say, "Lips that touch yours shall never be mine." This is all very well to say, but many friendships are, to a greater or lesser extent, built on physical attraction. Cut this out and there is that much less to build on; and the friendship pales. One or both congratulate themselves on having not partaken of the carnal sin: "Imagine how tacky the whole business would have been with *that* added . . ."

When I hear friends discussing their search for the origins of homosexual tradition — 19th century Cambridge, Whitman's America, and so forth — in an attempt to find the roots of gay mores, I often feel that they don't really need to work that hard. They need only open the psychic baggage which we all bring with us to gain a great deal of illumination. The sexist, fragmented and unanalyzed ways of relating sexually — assimilated so long ago that we have forgotten — have an effect which is still very much with us.

This, allied with the usual human trait of never listening to what heart and body tell us, but rather imposing what we *think* we should think on our patterns of behaviour, makes a pretty potent combination.

It leads to some tacky situations, all right, and as I told my musical buddy, I, for one, am weary of it. □



February premiere of *Cruising* sparks protest across the US

UNITED STATES — The February 15th premiere of the anti-gay film *Cruising* was met with picket lines and demonstrations across the United States, ranging from limited actions in small towns in western Massachusetts and Connecticut to major rallies in the large metropolitan centres of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Houston, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. In all, thousands of lesbians, gay men, and feminists protested the film.

Most protesters called for a boycott of *Cruising* and the anti-lesbian film *Windows*, but also made efforts to educate filmgoers as to their nature. Most coalitions mobilizing the anti-*Cruising* demonstrations have also been active in organizing against *Windows*, and all have had strong representation from lesbians and feminists.

None of the February 15th actions saw a repeat of the police brutality that marked last summer's New York demonstrations which took place during the shooting of the film, but police and local authorities did harass several demonstrations. Eleven leafletters were arrested in a New Haven, Connecticut protest.

In Boston, close to 800 demonstrators from the ad hoc Boston Gays and Lesbians Against Violence turned out for the largest of the day's actions. Two picket lines were formed outside the Sack Cinema 57 Theatre and picketers carried signs that read "End Violence Against the Gay and Lesbian Community" and "Protest Is Not Censorship."

In both Los Angeles and New York demonstrations were organized at two separate movie theatres. The Los Angeles pickets drew more than 100 participants, while the New York actions attracted some 300. In New York, a few protesters entered the theatre and began to chant and hand out leaflets during the first murder in the film. They were removed from the theatre by the police.

More than 100 Chicago supporters of the Committee to Stop the Movie *Cruising* organized pickets outside the Carnegie Theatre on both February 15th

and 16th. Follow-up actions were planned for the 23rd and the 29th. Chicago activist Nancy Katz disputed the claim that such protests amounted to censorship. "It's easy for people like Friedkin who have ready access to the media to crave their First Amendment rights," she said. "But gay people don't have equal access to public forums. All we can do is put our bodies on the street."

In Philadelphia a multi-racial picket line of some 150 gathered outside of the Sam Eric Theatre. The Houston and Cincinnati actions drew smaller numbers, and reports from Washington, DC, Seattle and other protest sites are not yet available. Smaller cities held some of the more remarkable demonstrations — Hartford, Connecticut, for example, organized three separate protests.

The San Francisco demonstration drew a disappointing 300, but even that had civic repercussions since Mayor Dianne Feinstein billed United Artists, the corporate producers of *Cruising* and *Windows*, for the \$130,450 cost of extra police protection at the February 15th premiere. According to Feinstein's press secretary, Mel Wax, the mayor billed the company because it had refused her request to delay the San Francisco opening.

Konstantin Berlandt of the San Francisco Committee to Stop the Movie *Cruising* described the billing as "a nice symbolic gesture. It's her symbolic way of agreeing with us," he concluded. □

A day without Bryant begins this August

ORLANDO, FLA — Anita Bryant's contract with the Florida Citrus Commission, which expires this August, will not be renewed, a Commission spokesperson has announced.

The non-renewal of Bryant's contract follows a two-year gay boycott of Florida citrus produce. The boycott was initiated after Bryant assumed a leading role in the campaign to repeal gay rights legislation in Dade County, Florida. □

Community TV cuts lesbian film despite recommendation by panel

NEW YORK — New York City's public television station, WNET (Channel 13), has generated a wave of community protest by refusing to broadcast four politically controversial films, one of which was Jan Oxenborg's lesbian work, *A Comedy of Six Unnatural Acts*. The three other films focussed on independent Mozambique, organizing among Detroit's black automobile workers, and the quality of health-care services for women.

Oxenborg's film had been selected by a peer review panel for viewing on WNET's *Independent Focus* programme, a series designed to feature independent filmmakers. The panel selected 27 films, but Oxenborg's comedy and the three others were rejected by WNET's assistant acquisitions programmer, Liz Oliver. According to Oliver, these films had major "aesthetic and technical" weaknesses. Of the 24 remaining films, none dealt with lesbian or gay themes.

Oxenborg charges that the four films were rejected because they presented their subject matter in "a threatening manner. One of the points that we made with *Comedy*," she explained, "is that it's not a film that asks for tolerance or tries to educate straight people in a kind of pleading way — like, 'look, we're people too.' The film really takes a very aggressive and sarcastic approach towards the homophobic images of lesbians, so that we think it's a more threatening film because of that."

Comedy has been shown at international film festivals and received considerable acclaim.

Despite several meetings with WNET management, protesters in the Coalition to Make Public Television Public have not made much progress in remedying

Spain still outlaws gay organizations

MADRID — Spain's Minister of the Interior, Señor Ibanez Friere, has announced that his government will not grant legal status to gay and lesbian organizations because "homosexuality is still a crime." Speaking in the Spanish Cortes or Parliament, Friere said that no group which contravened the "public morality" could be accepted within the law.

The issue arose when the Catalan Gay Liberation Front (FAGC) applied for legal recognition under the freedom of association sections of the post-Franco Spanish constitution. This fledgling gay organization recently drew 7,000 Catalans to its fourth annual congress in Barcelona. Over 50 municipalities, trade unions, and youth organizations have endorsed FAGC's efforts.

The executive of FAGC condemned Friere's announcement, noting that "Gays are being forced to lead double lives — while the government claims that we now have a democracy in Spain." □

the situation. In a recent meeting with WNET President Jay Iselin, the Coalition presented him with a list of demands which included the airing of the four films rejected by Oliver, the establishment of a WNET ombudsman to represent minority and independent community interests in the station's management structure, and the implementation of the recommendations made in the report of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting's Minority Task Force.

Iselin did not accept any of the Coalition's demands. His response was "a lot of bullshit," reported Oxenborg. "He was like a walking public relations firm."

Oxenborg believes that the protests have been important because they have brought activists from the gay and lesbian communities together with "independent film groups, black groups, Hispanic groups, Asians.... What's resulted from Liz Oliver's action is that all of these groups, which all have a history of being disenfranchised in public television, now have an opportunity to work together." □

Report ignores fate of gays in Holocaust

WASHINGTON, DC — The final report of the President's Commission on the Holocaust, a special presidential committee established to promote greater public understanding of the genocide campaigns of the Nazis, has come under strong criticism from gay and lesbian activists here. The report and its recommendations fail to mention even once the fate of gay people in the Holocaust. Community leaders have called "completely unacceptable" this failure to acknowledge the Nazi attempts to exterminate gay people in their concentration camps.

In an attempt to parry this criticism, representatives of the Commission now claim that the gay victims will be commemorated in the National Museum on the Holocaust proposed in their report.

However, the Commission's mandate expired with the publication of the report, and the power to determine the nature of the national museum now rests with the United States Holocaust Memorial Council. This body will be constituted by presidential (35 members) and congressional (10 members) appointment.

Activists here are doubtful that the museum will recognize the gay victims of the Holocaust unless open gays and lesbians are appointed to the council. □

International News Credits

Gay Community News (Boston), The Guardian (New York), The Blade (Washington), The Globe and Mail (Toronto), Bay Area Reporter (San Francisco), Gay News (Philadelphia), Gay News (London), Gay Alaska, Montrose Star (Houston), Empty Closet (Rochester).

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Gays "immoral"; citizenship denied

ALEXANDRIA, VA — A Federal judge ruled here that open gays and lesbians do not have the "good moral character" necessary for United States citizenship.

US District Court Judge Oren Lewis denied the naturalization request of Horst Nemetz, a 40-year-old hairdresser living in the United States since 1967, on the grounds that he was a "homosexual." The German-born immigrant had refused to answer any questions about his sexual conduct because he could have been found to have violated Virginia's sodomy laws. Under recently modified Virginia statutes, sodomy is illegal for gays, but not straights.

In his three-page decision Judge Lewis described gay sexuality as "licentious living...likely to lead to...moral decay." □

Black gay men hold first conference

ATLANTA — The National Committee of Black Gay Men held its first national conference here February 15-17. The meeting grew out of the Third World Lesbian/Gay Conference and the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

The conference drew together black gay men from across the country to develop a political programme that would address the concerns of black men, and would emphasize the positive aspects of being black and gay. The Committee hopes to develop a services network by and for black gay men through a programme of self-education and community awareness. All the workshops at the

conference were geared towards consciousness-raising, and assisting participants in educating their black gay community and their families.

The Detroit Coalition of Black Gays will be hosting a National lesbian/gay conference in Detroit from March 28-30. For more information write: NCBG, PO Box 57236, West End Station, Washington, DC 20037 (Phone: 202-797-8877), or call Deborah Posey at 313-868-1069 in Detroit. □

New Right Christians plan morality march

WASHINGTON, DC — A national march on Washington for "righteousness and morality" has been planned for April 29 by fundamentalist Christian groups. March organizers and fundamentalist ministers Pat Robertson and Jim Bakker hope to bring over one million people to the capitol to build opposition to gay, women's and other minority rights.

Steve Endean, executive director of the Gay Rights National Lobby (GRNL), believes that this march may bode ill for the gay movement. "A number of progressive organizations have concluded that the heavy hand of the 'New Right' is behind the rally," Endean argues. "These groups believe that the rally's real goals are not religious but political."

According to sources close to the GRNL, more than 100,000 reservations had already been made for the march by the end of February. In addition, the two march organizers have considerable influence because they control religious television networks. Robertson is president of the nationwide Christian Broadcasting Network, while Bakker serves as

the President of PTL (Praise The Lord) Network.

The mass-distribution literature produced to date by the march organizers reveals little of their plans for the thousands who will come to Washington, but an internally circulated document, *A Christian Declaration*, makes their political intentions clearer. It announces: "We call upon this nation to repent of conduct contrary to the purposes for which it was founded and clear the commandment of the word of God." The Declaration finds evidence of such contrary conduct in homosexuality, divorce, fornication and humanism.

Endean fears that "countless numbers of innocent people will attend this rally because of their commitment to religion, unaware that they are being 'used' by the New Right to advance its anti-human rights, anti-civil liberties goal." GRNL urges concerned lesbians and gays to keep themselves informed of this event by frequent calls to the march's toll-free number (800-446-8306) and toll-free transportation number (800-528-0369). (Canadians can use these lines only if they call the march offices collect.) □

Scots Labour Party may vote rights policy

EDINBURGH — At its April 9 conference, the Scottish Labour Party will be considering a new policy which opposes discrimination against gays. Ian Dunn, an executive member of the Scottish Homosexual Rights Group (SHRG), will be proposing the anti-discrimination motion on behalf of his Edinburgh North constituency. He believes that the new policy has an excellent chance of passage.

Dunn's motion is worded along the same lines as a policy recently adopted by the Edinburgh Trades Council in the John Saunders case (*TBP*, March). Saunders was fired from his job solely because he was gay.

The Scottish Labour Party Executive has endorsed Dunn's motion. Janey Buchan, Labour Euro-MP for Glasgow and Vice-President of SHRG, will second the motion on behalf of the Executive.

It is Dunn's view that this motion, if passed, would considerably strengthen the Labour Campaign for Human Rights. "We hope that if we get the motion passed in the Scottish Labour Party, it would be the first step towards an actual manifesto commitment," he explained. □

New York court voids state sodomy law

NEW YORK — On January 24, 1980, the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court in Rochester declared New York's sodomy laws unconstitutional. The decision resulted from a case involving a Syracuse resident who had been convicted of consensual sodomy in his home. The county's District Attorney has filed an appeal.

The Appellate Division ruling will benefit the residents of twenty counties in the western area of New York State. If the District Attorney's appeal again fails, or if the verdict is upheld by the New York Court of Appeal (the highest court in the state), it will mean that consenting sex between unmarried adults (heterosexual or homosexual) in private will be legal in all of New York State. □

"Republicans especially need to be convinced that our support for them is real..."
— *The Advocate*

Refuses to see psychiatrist, student teacher denied certificate

LEEDS — A British undergraduate has been refused a medical certificate of fitness to teach because he is openly gay, and has refused to see a psychiatrist to be cleared as fit to teach children.

Without this certificate, 20-year-old Leeds student Geoffrey Brighton will not be admitted to the postgraduate teaching course necessary for his career plans.

According to Lord Boyle, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, the university medical service has arrived at the "clinical judgment" that gay sexuality constitutes "evidence...of abnormal personality or behaviour." As such, it has decided that a psychiatrist must see Brighton to certify that he is not a risk to either his prospective pupils or himself. Boyle contends that he is unable to find any reason for the university to "override this judgment."

A spokesperson for the Campaign for

Homosexual Equality said that "to consider being gay a subject requiring clinical judgment is a personal prejudice or a political decision, and not a matter of professional judgment."

In a related matter, the Scottish office of the National Union of Students (NUS) has launched a comprehensive survey of the position of gay students in colleges of education. At its first-ever Gay Rights Conference in Scotland, NUS delegates were told that gay education students face increasing discrimination.

One prominent example cited was a recent attempt by the National Association of Schoolmasters and Union of Women Teachers (NAS/UWT) to prevent gay students from entering teacher-training programmes. The NUS conference reaffirmed their opposition to anti-gay discrimination with specific reference to the Brighton case and the NAS/UWT initiative. □

Lesbian and gay left plan May US meet

NEW YORK — A three day conference for lesbian and gay socialist-feminists in the United States is being planned for the end of May 1980 by a committee of groups and individuals from Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and Washington, DC. The conference will be held in the Powder Ridge Ski Area of Connecticut.

The organizing committee has announced that the conference will focus on strategies to fight racism and right-wing assaults on gays and lesbians. "We want to address both anti-communism among gay men and lesbians and heterosexism among leftists," their organizing statement reads.

For further information on the conference write to the Powder Ridge Conference c/o Box 512, Village Station, New York or call 212-788-6768. □

Republicans vie for anti-gay image

WASHINGTON, DC — As competition for the conservative "morality" vote increases among Republican presidential candidates, leading contenders for the party's nomination have been scurrying to build a public image as the most stridently anti-gay.

That image was a particularly hot issue in the recent South Carolina primary, where former Texas Governor John Connally staged an unsuccessful last-ditch attempt to defeat frontrunner Ronald Reagan and ex-CIA director George Bush. An internal Bush campaign memorandum uncovered in mid-February by the United Press International revealed that Bush planned to undermine Connally's right-wing support by accusing him of supporting gay rights. "George has stayed off the backs

of Connally and Reagan," the memo stated, "despite Connally's endorsement of Gay rights in — of all places — San Francisco."

Not to be outdone, Connally's state campaign chairman, Tony Campbell, denied that Connally ever had or would support gay rights. Connally himself characterized the suggestion as "a self-serving, scurrilous piece of politics."

Ronald Reagan has also sought and won right-wing backing. In the recent Alaska caucuses the former California governor won a major victory with the crucial support of the Moral Majority, a right-wing, anti-gay group of Christian fundamentalists.

In a related matter, *The Advocate*, billing itself as "America's Leading Gay Magazine," printed a February editorial in which owner D B Goodstein argues that "The Republicans especially need to be convinced that our support for them is real...Those of you who favor Reagan should enroll yourselves onto his campaign as soon as possible... Those of you who favor John Connally, George Bush or Howard Baker need to get out and support them too." □

Lawyer to implement discrimination ban

SACRAMENTO — The California State Personnel Board has named Los Angeles Attorney Leroy Walker to implement an Executive Order banning discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

On April 4, 1979, Governor Jerry Brown issued the order prohibiting employment discrimination by all state agencies under his jurisdiction. Soon thereafter, gay leaders set up a series of meetings between government officials and representatives of gay groups to discuss methods, goals and a timetable for implementation. □

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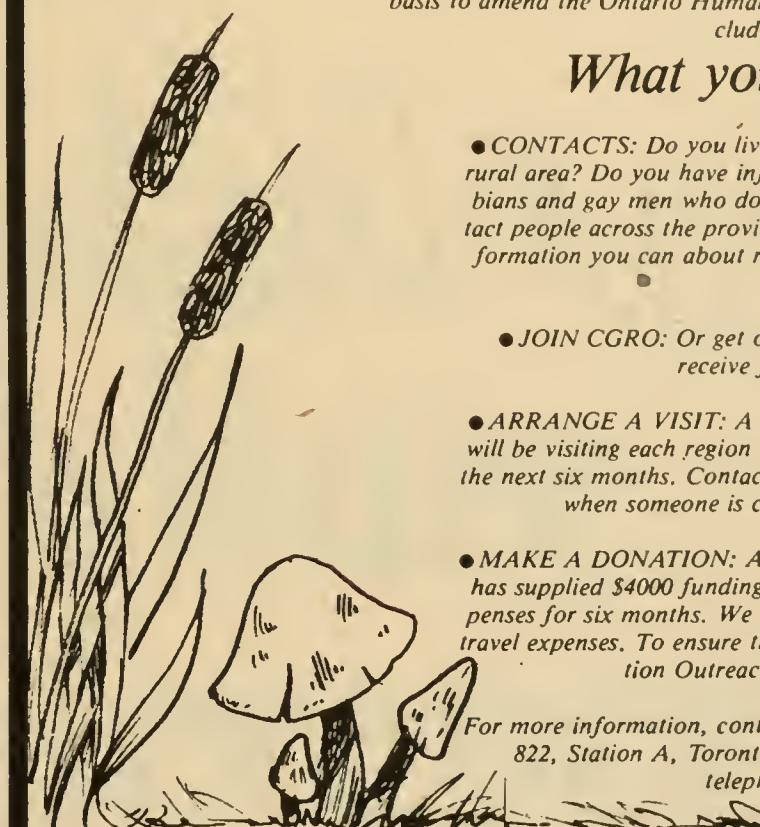
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- **MAKE A DONATION:** An interchurch group has supplied \$4000 funding, to pay staffing expenses for six months. We must raise funds for travel expenses. To ensure the success of Operation Outreach, make a donation.

For more information, contact CGRO, PO Box 822, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1G3 or telephone (416) 977-1605.



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So's Your Grandmother

by Jane Rule

Fucking pariahs on the schoolroom shelf

My ironic consolation, while friends like Margaret Laurence and Alice Munro battle with the would-be book-banners over inclusion of their work in school curricula, has been that nobody has ever suggested my books be read in schools in the first place. There is a negative smugness in being a pariah. For this reason alone I was disappointed when I was asked just a few months ago to contribute a particular story to an anthology designed for the high-school trade.

The story itself, of course, is blameless, not a shred of sex of any sort in it. It is, in fact, the only story about violence I've ever written. A woman looks out her window and sees a wounded man in her garden who is shortly shot by the police in the street below her house. She has to turn on the radio to find out that he is a bank robber who has shot a policeman. Her husband, reading the paper on the way home, is alarmed for her safety. They watch the events telescoped on the six o'clock news, then scenes of war, all of which seem much more real to the woman than what took place before her eyes in her own garden. It is called "A Television Drama."

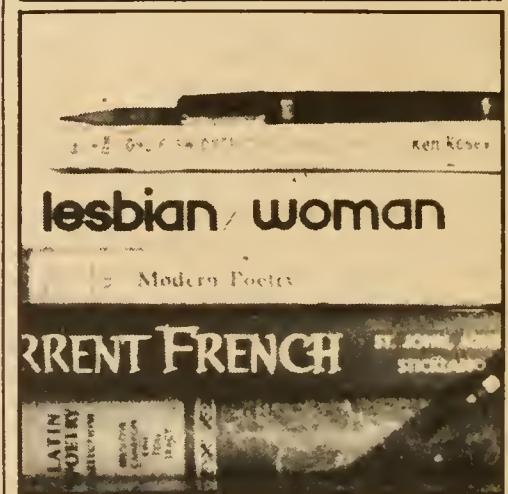
Well, what did I expect them to choose? A story about happy lesbians? the unmarried young? A middle-aged woman who can't go mad? The only safe subject, among my many, is violence. I contemplate the potted biography: "Jane Rule is the author of a number of books...." The editor pauses, looking for a suitable title or two. Certainly not *Lesbian Images* or *The Young in One Another's Arms*. *Desert of the Heart* may be too suggestive. Even *Against the Season* has a rebellious tone. How about *This is Not For You*? It's the one that's out of print and almost impossible to get.

I wasn't much of a reader myself when I was in high school. Though I had difficulty reading, at least part of my problem was the material we were assigned. In much of it I was being lied to, offended and bored. Do schools still choose expurgated *Caesar* to "pacify" the boys, expurgated *Romeo and Juliet* as a cautionary tale for the girls? When I was a teacher myself, I was amused to discover that those who censored Shakespeare often didn't get, and therefore left in, the bawdiest of the puns while removing all references to pregnancy. People could commit suicide, gouge each other's eyes out, betray and murder, but copulate they must not. Watered down Shakespeare was, of course, the best we got. Much of the rest was chosen not for its insight or beauty but for its uplifting and patriotic sentiment. I majored in English at university before I discovered writers who were important to me, because I had decided to learn from the skillful liars the techniques for telling the truth.

There are, of course, students who don't have difficulty learning to read, who are encouraged not only at home but by particular teachers to discover writers who speak to their growing need to understand themselves and the world around them. But the majority are dependent on school texts and school

libraries. Apparently only about ten percent of the population goes on borrowing, buying and reading books. A 90 percent failure rate to interest people in what can be found in books should indicate that there is something basically wrong.

Though the censorship of our own forum, *The Body Politic*, is a dramatic issue we must all actively involve ourselves in, the job is far larger. We must be vocal in our communities, on our



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school boards, in our schools, to see that not only Margaret Laurence and Alice Munro are available to students, but that even I am there, not only with my own small contribution about violence but with the hundreds of pages I've written about human relationship. The time for negative smugness is past, for accepting a censorship of ourselves, while schools are increasingly being pressured by people who think it wholesome to teach hatred, fear, and violence.

Margaret, Alice and I, along with dozens of others, belong on school library shelves and in school texts, teaching people that *fuck* (which still can't be looked up in most dictionaries) is not an act of violence but a word for another four letter word, *love*, the most complex, engaging and important subject in the world. □

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"What is clearly absent from Canadian political consciousness...is the conviction that the state and its apparatus are the natural enemies of freedom."

Edgar Z Friedenberg

Canada: the Culture of Deference

*Reflections on double jeopardy, artistic timidity and the value of being gay, by the author of *The Vanishing Adolescent**

For many years, Canada has been regarded throughout the world as one of the most respected of nations. With neither the wish nor the resources to become a dominant world power, it is not a threat to any other country. Canada is considered generous — and by usual standards is generous — in providing aid to less developed countries as well as personnel and material to "peacekeeping" forces abroad. When it is distrusted, the reason is usually because it is perceived as a client-state of the United States whose interests Canada is unlikely to oppose, and because its military and security forces collaborate with those of the United States. Canada's own intent is seen as benign or harmless, while its efforts to distinguish itself from the colossus to the south and evolve a policy increasingly independent of it are recognized and respected in other lands — indeed especially in the United States itself.

Sometimes, indeed, the grass has been greener on the northern side of the border, during the comparatively brief growing season. Americans have long regarded Canada as a potential — and, often enough, actual — place of refuge when American policy becomes too dishonorable or too destructive to live

with. I, myself, came to Canada as a landed immigrant, pompously enough, as an act of personal witness against the Indochina war and the political system that had maintained it. I entered Canada four months after a large number of my fellow Americans with poorer but more persuasive credentials had entered Cambodia, and six weeks before Prime Minister Trudeau invoked the War Measures Act, which reminded me not to be smug about my decision. My choice was influenced by Canada's generosity in admitting American draft resisters, whose position I hoped to endorse by my own action, for what little it might signify. There was precedent enough. My favorite Toronto restaur-

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rant, an unpretentiously elegant place that serves soul food, is called the Underground Railroad; it was established by blacks and is managed by them in respectful tribute to their forebears, who came to Canada as escaped slaves seeking freedom, and found some.

I left the United States because it seemed to me in 1970 — and even more clearly after the American people handed Mr Nixon his landslide victory over a decent and reasonable opponent of the Indochina war two years later — that Americans had repudiated the most superb and explicit set of guarantees of personal liberty any nation had ever established. As a social scientist, I knew, of course, that many studies of public opinion had consistently shown that most Americans would reject the Bill of Rights if they were asked to ratify it as it applies to suspected criminals or subversives (whom they view as utterly different from themselves), juveniles or any possible sources of crime-in-the-streets — that is, to any person who might actually need its protection. As a lifelong though diffident homophile, I had known as much without asking.

So, on August 25, 1970, I landed in Canada — the entry stamp on my papers says "Woodstock," which even

at the time seemed too much — an innocent, six months short of fifty years of age. I could not have come to a place more likely to focus new light, from a very different angle than I was used to, on the question of freedom in society and its relation to established and, especially, governmental institutions.

Canadian and American practice are especially effective in illuminating each other just because there are so many similarities, for the differences are fundamental. An American who reads of a convicted criminal in Pakistan or Saudi Arabia having his hand cut off in execution of the sentence of a duly constituted court is likely to be shocked, but not very deeply; no one expects a criminal code based on the Qu'ran to forbid this as cruel and unusual punishment. To discover, as many Americans have to their sorrow, that in a Mexican court the burden of proof is on the accused, who may therefore be kept in jail without trial until the courts find it convenient to grant him a hearing at which he may try to establish his innocence, strikes a great deal closer to home; but this is the kind of legal system you have to expect in a country where it isn't safe to drink the water. Even France, which carries on endlessly about the Rights of

Man, works this way.

But when a Canadian appellate court orders the conviction of a man previously acquitted of the same charges by a jury and sends him off to prison, those few Americans who notice what happens in Canada are shocked. I can testify that I was, from personal experience, even though Henry Morgentaler had been asking for it — by performing an abortion on television, on Mother's Day. This sort of shock, like that of an earthquake, stems not from the actual circumstances so much as from the fact that *this kind of thing is just not supposed to occur*. I have never felt this way travelling in Eastern Europe, where I knew there were no civil liberties — just wary and contemptuous of authorities who had so little confidence in themselves. And I think abortion is wrong, though not the kind of wrong that can be righted by prosecuting or threatening to prosecute the reluctant nonmother or her physician. But this action of the Supreme Court of Canada really shook me.

It shook the late John Diefenbaker, too, of course, and led to a revision of the law — but not much of a revision. The Crown can still appeal against any acquittal if it can find a point of law to hang the appeal on, and there always is one; no judge is a perfect legal technician. If it wins, the defendant will not be summarily convicted — if he was acquitted by a jury rather than a judge — but he is forced to submit to a new trial; if he is again acquitted, the process can continue ad infinitum. The Crown has infinite resources; the defendant is usually poor. The pressure on the defendant to bargain for a lower sentence rather than defend himself in court, which is usually great, becomes insupportable. It is this pressure which acts as the effective constraint; the Crown in fact rarely has occasion to make use of its appellate prerogative. More than 80 percent of persons charged with indictable offenses in Canadian courts plead guilty or are convicted by a judge. The judge has absolute discretion to deny a jury trial to any defendant subject to a term of less than five years' imprisonment if convicted — which includes more than 40 percent of those charged with indictable offenses — and, in any event, fewer than two percent so charged demand and receive a jury trial.

This may, of course, merely reflect the perspicacity of law-enforcement officials in charging only those persons who are in fact guilty. But it must be reassuring to them to know that, in Canada, they can keep firing until they get their man. An American prosecutor gets only one shot; but in the United States, too, about 80 percent of persons actually brought to trial on felony charges are convicted. Double jeopardy isn't necessary for "law 'n' order." It probably isn't necessary either for "peace, order and good government" — which is what the British North America Act seeks to secure for Canadians instead of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

These fundamentally contrasting approaches to the process of criminal justice cannot be regarded as merely alternative ways of attacking similar problems, each equally appropriate to its own cultural context. They go to the very heart of the question of national identity, and Canadians at least recognize that they do.

Many Canadians, especially ardent nationalists, have become disturbed about the infiltration of Canadian culture by American TV shows, and one of the complaints I have heard voiced most

frequently concerns the fact that these programs subvert peace, order and discipline among the young by leading Canadian kids to believe they have constitutional rights that even their elders cannot claim. Since the most vocal nationalists in Canada tend to be left-leaning intellectuals with a record of support for the political rights of minorities and poor people, it comes as a surprise to discover that they object to Canadian children learning the American conception of freedom even as a heuristic model from which to develop their own.

This attitude is not, of course, confined to intellectuals; I recall especially two furious encounters I have had on the subject of the effect of American television police shows on Canadian youngsters: one with a municipal police officer whose duty and pleasure it was to visit the high schools in his community to sell students on the virtues of obedience to the law; the other with a university professor at a conference concerned precisely with the impact of

"The Crown can still appeal any acquittal if they can find a point of law to hang the appeal on, and there always is one.... It must be reassuring to them to know that they can keep firing until they get their man."

American enterprise on Canadian culture. Both these men were distressed because American television police programs, though usually fanatically supportive of law 'n' order, still showed that bad guys, deplorable as this might be, had certain established rights: the right to be informed by the arresting officer at the time of arrest of the charges under which the arrest is being made; the right to make a phone call and obtain legal counsel before being interrogated; and later, should the case come to trial, the right to decline to answer on the grounds that the answers might be self-incriminating.

Both the professor and the policeman who spoke with me were distressed because young Canadians who watched American television were being misled into thinking they had such rights. Neither of them was at all disturbed because they didn't have these rights; they objected only to the fact that Canadian youth were being instilled with an alien and misleading view of social reality. When I suggested to the professor that it might be useful for young Canadians to learn that a social system could provide these rights and

that they were therefore possible in principle, his rejoinder was that Canadians might have evolved their own equally effective safeguards of liberty if they had not been so constantly tempted by the American chimera.

The police officer was less articulate, but when I asked him how many of the young people he had warned against believing they had the same rights as Americans, had ever asked him why, as Canadians, they did not possess such rights, he told me — I thought proudly — that none ever had.

Unlike the Americans — and, for that matter, unlike the British, who have had their share of rebellions and revolutions, some of them glorious — Canadians as such have no tradition identifying government as the source of oppression. The Canadian Bill of Rights, which was not even adopted until 1960, has done nothing to limit the extraordinary powers of search and seizure possessed by the Crown, which remain much as they were at the time the American Founding Fathers sought to insure, by means of the Fourth Amendment, that authorities in the United States would never possess such powers.

The Criminal Code of Canada requires that an officer conducting a search obtain a warrant based upon reasonable cause — and carry it with him and produce it "when feasible" — but Canadian courts, including the Supreme Court of Canada, have held that illegally obtained evidence may be used against the accused, whose only remedy, even if acquitted, is a civil suit against the officers who committed the illegal search. Moreover, writs of assistance are still valid in Canada, and some two hundred of them are in force at the time of this writing. These are issued to individual members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police as well as to specified members of the investigative staffs of narcotics, customs, and income tax bureaus on demand and remain valid as long as the agent is a member of the force. He may use the writ of assistance to search any premises in his jurisdiction in which he has reasonable cause to believe evidence of wrongdoing is to be found — and, essentially, he is the sole judge of what is reasonable. While the writ is not transferable, the presence of one officer who has such a writ suffices to legitimate the activities of any search party of any size. There is no nonsense about "particularly describing the ... thing to be seized," as the Fourth Amendment puts it; RCMP raiding parties don't just ransack residences looking for pot; they carry off truckloads of filing cabinets from respectable but suspect business firms.

What is remarkable is that, despite their extraordinary powers, they sometimes, like the FBI, break into buildings and seize documents illegally. They need have no fear that, by doing so, they will destroy the evidentiary value of materials obtained.

Seizures so broad in scope, even when lawfully conducted, can of course be used to put an adversary out of business by destroying his records and work place and denying him access to them, regardless of the course or outcome of any subsequent litigation.

Canadian law provides no effective defense against such inquisitorial raids. What is clearly absent from Canadian political consciousness, though salient in the American, is the conviction that the state and its apparatus are the natural enemies of freedom. It is not that Americans are more tolerant — Larry Flynt, shot in the bowels by a citizen crusader against pornography too

eager to await the judgment of the courts, could attest to that — or that on their record Americans have been consistently devoted to liberty. The American system, though, places less trust in authorities and tends to preserve liberty, at least formally, even when the people are negligent or hostile.

Americans cannot always rely on the Constitution to protect their liberties as fully as they may like to think. But the mere fact that Americans believe they have these rights and can count on them, while Canadians do not and are not greatly concerned about the lack, makes for a much greater sense of openness south of the border and a freer play of expression, much of it of redeeming social value. The differences are sometimes subtle and occasionally gross, but they are observable in most areas of human activity whose results are likely to be affected strongly by their participants' conviction — or lack of it — that spontaneous and unauthorized action by themselves or others is likely to get them somewhere.

It is hard to imagine any area of human activity that would not be so influenced to some degree. But the effects are especially notable in the arts and in the economy, though where the economy is concerned they are far more difficult to distinguish from among the complex factors influencing economic events.

With respect to the arts, Canada seems to excel particularly in those forms with least potential for subversion. Canadian ballet has been recognized for years throughout the world; there are at least three established companies of first rank, and they are not only competent but reasonably innovative artistically — certainly compared to Russia, if not to the United States or England. This seems astonishing in a nation of less than 25 million people, addicted to hockey and the RCMP Musical Ride.

But ballet, though highly expressive, is also the art that provides least opportunity for spontaneity or improvisation; it is governed by an elaborate system of conventions and requires life-long discipline of its practitioners. Moreover, the medium really is the message, as one of Canada's greatest living poets insists, and the context of ballet is still anti-mass and arty. The form, in its North American context, is inherently counter-revolutionary. *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe* is bitter and moving, though self-conscious commentary in ballet form on the oppression of native people in Canada today, and it has been and is generally admired by Canadian devotees of the arts. But it does not tell a person who attends it nearly as much about the plight of the Indian as the sight of the audience getting off on its own liberalism for no more than the price of admission tells him about the role of the arts in Canada. Should any poor Indians chance to attend a performance of *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe*, they had best be prepared, for their own comfort and safety, to take part in a panel discussion afterward. Otherwise, the minister of Indian affairs and northern development might just revoke their band status.

The more literary and dramatic arts have rather special problems in Canada, however. Government support, at least until budgets began to tighten seriously in 1977, has not been one of them. Nor has censorship been an exceptionally severe problem in Canada. The arts might have been livelier, as in many ways they are in Hungary or Russia, if it were more overt. Canada, however, is a country much more given to self-censor-

"When I asked the police officer how many of the young people he had warned against believing they had the same rights as Americans, had ever asked him why, as Canadians, they did not possess such rights, he told me — I thought proudly — that none ever had."

ship. So, of course, is the United States; the *apparatchiki* of the creative arts are exceedingly trendy in both nations. Most artists and writers have been willing enough, as they have had to be at most times and places, to suit their work to the patronage available in order to flourish. But there are more options in the United States, and more acceptance of social strife as an inevitable and even grimly enjoyable part of life and history.

Of course, it is easier to enjoy books and movies about civil war in a society haunted by the memory rather than the prospect of such a conflict. But the enjoyment of conflict is not a part of the Canadian tradition as it is of the American. The Canadian west was won, not by massacre and military conquest — though they were regrettable incidents from time to time — but by the Northwest Mounted Police as they were then called, moving ahead of the colonists to inform the native people of their lack of civil rights. Law and order, Canadian schoolbooks say, preceded the settlement of the frontier, begging the question of whose law and order it was.

Substantial and disruptive issues are not fought out in Canada; when they are reported they are immediately buried under questions of deference and etiquette. Sometimes it can be seen happening in the course of a day, like one day in the spring of 1977 when the morning CBC news carried a report from a private working document of a parliamentary commission inquiring into the functioning of the Canadian Penitentiary Service, which had just been leaked to the press. The document alleged gross brutality and incompetence or worse against certain officials of Millhaven Penitentiary and accused certain individuals, including the director of the prison and local officials of the prison guards' union, of participating in the abuses detailed there. By noon, however, the news broadcasts had shifted their emphasis from the content of the document to the fact that it had been leaked without authorization — just like south of the border. By evening, the story had been eclipsed by the apparently more shocking fact that the prime minister had once again lost his

temper in the House and had snapped at one of his parliamentary critics, "For Christ's sake, shut up!"

Canadian society is in many respects far more tolerant than American. American society cannot, in fact, be very tolerant; there is nobody with the authority to do the tolerating. Instead there are specific rights, but one must defend them against other contenders who claim the same rights but interpret them adversely. In a tolerant society a wide variety of points of view and lifestyles may be accommodated precisely because they have so little status; a single, dominant set of standards and point of view have already been established.

The National Film Board of Canada, a government agency under the jurisdiction of the secretary of state for Canada, was established during World War II primarily as a propaganda agency and, in the beginning, a crude one. It quickly outgrew its origins and deservedly became respected throughout the world as a maker of original, sensitively conceived documentary films that often deal with the kind of topics termed "controversial." This is not surprising. Good documentary films are the ideal expression of the liberal, tolerant mind: concerned, judicious, ready even to concede that it is an important part of the problem and to criticize or condemn its own weaknesses — but not for one moment prepared to admit that the problem may not be what it thinks it is, or that someone else might have the right and power to define the problem differently, or even to declare that there is no problem, only a drama and probably a tragedy.

Much the same thing can be said of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation as of the film board, but only in so far as productions of and by English Canadians are concerned. When French-Canadian talent is involved, real drama becomes possible, such as Michel Tremblay's *Les Belles Soeurs*, and Cam Hubert's *Dreamspeaker*, directed by the distinguished Québécois, Claude Jutra. The latter deals as uncompromisingly and heartrendingly with authority as the heart of darkness as anything I have ever seen on television. Neither of these productions is French; both originated in the Vancouver studios of the CBC and were presented in English. Hubert, whose real name is B A Cameron, is a British Columbian woman. Neither play, however, shows a trace of English didacticism.

What Quebec contributes is the unalterable conviction, rare in English Canada, that secular authority is very much a protagonist in the drama rather than the source of the social and moral norms in whose light the events portrayed must be considered. No Quebecer who was not also an ardent federalist could believe this; if Sophocles had, he could hardly have written *Antigone*.

For, I believe, much the same reasons, the best Canadian commercial films originate from Quebec: *Mon Oncle Antoine*, *Wedding in White*, *Les Ordres*, and the American-made but faithful to Montreal *Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*. An exception that proves the rule is *Outrageous!*, made in Toronto, in which homosexuality triumphant as the central theme provides the ironic detachment from WASPish norms ordinarily found in Quebec nationalism. A brilliant review of this film in *Canadian Forum*, contrasting it with Margaret Gibson's book, *The Butterfly Ward*, on which it is based, makes these observations:

Although structured as fiction, the book was a blatant statement on mental health

care and written from so flatly a personal viewpoint as to be almost a print documentary. Documentaries are, of course, the instrument of the official culture, which has drummed into our heads the notion that they are good for us. Thus the book was warmly, officially received in much the same spirit as CBC specials on freight rates. "Poor Gibson," people seemed to say "she's to be pitied for being different — and applauded for calling our attention to this difference so that we can bring our records up to date."

A similar reception would have been given the movie had Richard Benner made the film anything remotely resembling a documentary. If the film had treated Russell (the homosexual hero) as an unfortunate aberration and McLaren (the schizophrenic heroine) as a sicko — had it, in short, been stimulating, informative and significant — the response would have been one of official gentility — and box office death. Instead, partly because he is himself gay, Benner treated them as legitimate people and got on with telling the story with polished dialogue and a minimum of facts. And this, I think, is what delighted (or at least surprised) an audience brought up to think of Canadian cinema as an endless series of docudramas.

Here was a Canadian film based on the truth we all know but seldom see recorded rather than on the facts in the newspapers and one not remotely concerned with Prairie childhoods or the other circumstances by which the government, and those it has employed, try making art from tourist flakery. Here instead was a decidedly unofficial film about the urban environment in which the majority of the population actually live. And one not mainly interested in social politics, as it so easily could have been. It is clear that Liza is naturally sane when left to her own devices and that she

ficialdom. One need not be very observant to know that most of what's culturally interesting in the place comes from the streets in which the gays, crazies, emigrés and other outcasts interact and go for the most part officially unnoticed.

*The audience for *Outrageous!* knows this world or knows of it but seldom sees it reflected in the culture it buys. The glory of *Outrageous!*, it seems to me, is that it finally takes cognizance of the fact that whatever excitement there is in Toronto comes about in spite of the O'Keefe and the St Lawrence Centre, the CBC, the NFB and the newspapers, not through them. The film doesn't boldly advance this viewpoint (for then it would be a closet documentary of sorts) any more than it peeps through the keyhole at supposed depravity and eccentricity. Rather it takes this world at face value, using it as background against which to tell a perfectly simple, straightforward tale.*

The simple, straightforward tale is also a very sentimental one: all the gay characters who play significant roles in it have hearts of gold; only straight, authority figures like parents and doctors are nasty. The border is no problem either; in fact it proves to be a resource. Russell makes it big in the New York nightclub scene as a female impersonator and brings McLaren there to continue his care for her after the stillbirth of her baby precipitates a breakdown in which she insists that she, too, is dead. "You're not dead, Liza," Russell tells her in the most quoted line from the film: "You're alive and sick and living in New York like eight million other people!" Palpable wish-fulfillment. Try substituting "three" for "eight" and "Toronto" for "New York" and it sure doesn't work.

To treat seriously an outlaw, a revolutionary, or just a marginal antihero of the type Gene Hackman or Jack Nicholson usually play, a drama must to some extent accept, though it need not endorse, his point of view. It cannot, instead, treat him either as a social problem or as doomed by definition because he has no proper place in society; his antisocial or asocial quality cannot be portrayed as inherently pathetic and absurd. In Canadian novels and especially Canadian films, however, this is the way such characters are treated. It is hardly ever suggested that they themselves are not troubled by their marginality, except for the practical problems it creates, and are certainly not ashamed of it; that life is something they intend to live and, if possible, enjoy on their own terms. The characters in *Outrageous!*, however, do — which is what makes the film so exceptional.

For those Canadians who are neither gay, psychotic or Québécois, creativity in the arts seems to come harder — harder than in many smaller and more oppressed nations that are further handicapped by the obscurity of their language. The basic problem, I would insist, is the inability of English Canada to express itself adequately on the relationship of man to authority — surely one of the most basic issues with which the arts must deal. Sophocles, Schiller, Shakespeare, Dostoevski, Achebe, Joyce, Beckett, Melville, Conrad, Ibsen, Kafka, Yeats, Strindberg, Mann, Lessing, Cortázar — all these have come to grips with this problem, at different times and in different languages, more often than not from a basically conservative position, for conservatism is not conformity.

But I doubt that an Anglophone Canadian could write as easily as these have done about the effect of authority on human behavior. In Canada, the habit of deference is too ingrained. □

"For those Canadians who are neither gay, psychotic or Québécois, creativity in the arts seems to come harder — harder than in many smaller and more oppressed nations...."

*goes strange only when on drugs prescribed for her stability. It would have been simple to make a statement to the effect that Ontario's system of mental health treatment is insidious: that anyone can be committed on little evidence, that class is the determining factor in who's considered normal and who's not. Such a statement is necessary, sure; but the point is that *Outrageous!* takes this for granted just as it assumes other truths which a documentary would have tirelessly set about explaining.*

One doesn't have to be gay to know that Toronto is probably the underground gay capital of North America. One just has to live on the outskirts of of



"You people are lucky to have a place..."

continued from the cover

...that, as I moved through the crowd, every man I brushed against was a homosexual. For the first time in my life I got hit by The Look. For the first time in my life, even, I felt a little gay rage. Two straight couples came in that night, took over a table and spent about half an hour giggling and whispering before they left. We were a freak show, and I hated them.

I didn't much like Letros either. It had a bit of the "Twilight World of the Homosexual" feel to it, and the crowd was a little tooney for my blood. There were a lot of suits, and I have a feeling angora sweaters were big for casual wear, and anyway it was way the hell down on King Street where there was no other reason to go unless you were going to Letros.

The Parkside was different. It was a beer parlour, for one thing, and it felt like it. Any kid from any town in Canada would feel right at home at the Parkside because even if it was right on Toronto's main drag it looked exactly like the Legion Hall back home. It shared that same sense of male camaraderie mixed with a good old Ontario distrust of booze that made any trip to a beer parlour feel a little bit risqué. Appropriate enough in a province that, while the United States went gung-ho into Prohibition, passed the mildly censorious Ontario Temperance Act which made it illegal to *sell* spirits, beer and wine, but not to manufacture them. The same act said it was all right to drink in the privacy of your own home — if you had a doctor's prescription, or could show you imported the stuff — or even

to buy it at government dispensaries if you needed it for scientific or industrial purposes.

Ontario's curious liquor laws partly explain what turned the Parkside and the St Charles into gay bars. To begin with, most of what constituted the gay "scene" in the 50s was a lot further downtown. There was Letros. There were the Municipal and the Union House — two taverns that stood on Queen Street where the Sheraton Centre now stands. The old Ford Hotel at Bay and Dundas attracted a gay clientele, the Savarin on Bay Street had a gay beverage room, and the Pickwick Room in the august King Edward was also "that way." (So much that way, in fact, that when the Sheraton people took over the operation, they began handing out cards to their recognizably gay clientele which simply said the management would appreciate it if they would take their business elsewhere. They did.) Except for the geographically anomalous King Cole Room in the Park Plaza Hotel, gay life was practically on the waterfront.

No one is quite sure why, when the Westbury Hotel opened at Yonge and College in 1957, it immediately acquired a gay bar, but it did. The Red Lion Room in the basement was gay from day one, according to George Hislop who was there on day one, having a twenty-cent draft.

But back to those curious liquor laws. Since 1934 in Ontario, beverage rooms in hotels could serve beer, and their dining rooms could serve beer or wine. But only in 1946 did the sale of hard liquor or spirits become possible, and Ontario got its first "cocktail lounges." A prov-

ince which had edged its way into a kind of lukewarm prohibition was now just about ready for a half-hearted sophistication — but, there were certain little class differences that were not about to be ignored. The working man went to beer parlours, and lest the working man miss his supper, spend his pay on a few too many drafts, wallop the wife and kids or, worst of all, be incapacitated for the next day's work, beer parlours simply closed their doors between 6:30 and 8 PM and sent the working man home for supper. Cocktail lounges, on the other hand, were imagined to attract patrons of rather a different order, and remained open even during that dangerous dinner hour.

For the patrons of the Red Lion Room, (which earlier on had been dubbed the Pink Pussy), that meant being turfed out onto the sidewalk just when things might have been getting interesting — and the St Charles being a cocktail lounge and just up the street, the party, so to speak, moved there. Many men who probably found the family ambience at the St Charles hard to take (at the time it housed a popular Chinese restaurant) headed back to the "Pink Pussy" promptly at eight. Others, who found its attempts at chic somewhat more to their taste (the bar lights were shaped like violins) stayed, settled in, and became the beachhead that eventually made the St Charles the gay bar it is today.

Around 1965, and nobody at the Westbury is sure exactly when, the Red Lion closed its doors. It reopened as a steak house. Gay men who had lost their favourite beer parlour, and were impervious to the charms of violin-

shaped bar lights, now heard the word that the Parkside was willing. It isn't clear how active the management was in letting it be known that gay money would not be unwelcome, but they did decide that the "Ladies and Escorts" half of the beverage room could be dispensed with, the dividing wall knocked down, and the whole space turned into a men's beverage room. The Parkside, more or less as we know it today, was born.

From that point on, much of the drinking money of gay men in Toronto flowed into the hands of the Bolter family, a mini-dynasty that deserves at least a footnote in any history of gay Toronto.

Hyman Bolter bought the Breadalbane Hotel, as the Parkside was once known, in 1945. (The Parkside, in fact, is still technically a hotel, and there are a few men who rent rooms on a permanent basis there. The door to the hotel section is on Breadalbane, just east of the entrance to the beverage room.) Old Hyman died in 1949, and ownership passed to his widow and their four children — Norman Bolter, Laura Spergel, Rose Kirsch and Beverley Gordon. Business, however, seems to have had a somewhat corrosive effect on the bonds of family affection. Norman talks about some mysterious squabble in the past, and it appears that about five years ago he was eased out of any direct control of the Parkside — though Rose Kirsch says he's still a shareholder in the Breadalbane Hotel Limited, the company that owns the tavern. His mother and his sisters, however, are the directors. Since there probably are no other shareholders, they are the virtual own-

photo: Elan Rosenquist

ers and policy setters of a place valued in 1961 at \$119,716.38.

Today, Norman Bolter does not say nice things when he talks about his sisters. And he appears to have needed a place to sulk — he and his wife Lillian, incorporated as Norli Tavern Limited, bought the St Charles in 1975 for a cool \$825,000.00. Having managed the Parkside for a period, Norman presumably knew a good thing.

It is, it appears, a resolutely heterosexual family who have employed, over the years, equally resolute, usually middle-aged family-type staff to serve what was, for a long time, one of the larger gatherings of gay men in Toronto. The Bolters must be good employers; they have a fiercely loyal staff, at least at the Parkside. Cleo Loney, the rather desiccated beaky matron who oversees properties in the dining area, has been there for thirty years, and shut up tight as a drum when I tried to question her about the place. Peggy, the waitress, looked nervous, refused to say how long she'd been there, but did avow it was a great place to work. Big Frank, who has been slinging beer for as long as anyone can remember, told me he'd been there for 19 years. They are part of the flavour of the place.

It makes a difference. Places open and close, make ritual genuflections in the direction of a lot of plants, or exposed brick, or art deco, and have a turnover in their trendy young staff about once a month. They can be fun, but returning to the corny, stable atmosphere of the Parkside can be a bit like going home. At least once though, it seems, the place flirted with renovation. The plastic Tiffany lamps were trotted in, and up went wallpaper covered with coyly voluptuous female nudes. It didn't last. The remains of the wallpaper, rather dark now, can still be seen on the north wall, and the Parkside is pretty much back to the way its patrons like it.

The patrons themselves were a heterogeneous lot, and formed, as George Hislop put it, the potential for about five more bars. When you entered the Parkside, you knew where to sit — though "neighbourhood" barriers might break down when the place was crowded. The leather/denim crowd more or less took over the south wall under the windows, a space they shared with some older men who have been "regulars" for years. The tables along the north wall under the TV became known as "The Drugstore" and attracted the expected crowd. The politicos might push two or three tables together in the centre of the room and continue the heated discussions begun at a CHAT or TGA or GATE meeting. It was a loud, grubbily cheerful, brightly lit (no mood lighting at the Parkside), basic Ontario beer parlour that happened to be full of homosexual men.

Many of the people I know don't go to the Parkside anymore. They go to Buddy's, or Dudes, the Barn, or 18 East and maybe make an occasional foray back to the "PS," but it's nothing like it used to be. There are fond memories. "It was a place to talk," Hislop remembers, "and a place for cheap draft beer and I love both. I always went to the Parkside for the people, not the decor."

So did just about everyone else. The chemistry that made the Parkside the kind of place you looked forward to came from the people, Frank's surly geniality, the fact that you didn't have to dress up or down and felt comfy in just about anything. It came from the fact that, by virtue of its being one of the few gay places around, it was part

of what it meant to be gay. Whatever it was, though, it grew out of time and place and people, and had nothing to do with management policy. The quirks of history and personality made the Parkside; the Bolters didn't.

The Bolters did, however, make the Parkside washrooms. There are two, but the one upstairs in the men's beverage room hasn't concerned anyone who could tolerate the dirt and smell long enough to take a piss. The one in the basement, however, has represented in some ways a little gold mine for the Bolter family.

For at least the last ten years, the Bolters, with the co-operation of the police, ran the legal equivalent of a backroom bar. Everyone knew it was possible to get it off in the washroom in the basement of the Parkside, and there is no doubt that was one of the attractions of the place. The Bolters could have stopped it, of course, by placing the room under periodic staff surveillance — but if that washroom was attracting paying customers because of its reputation, well.... The police, of course, had to be accommodated. One wouldn't want one's licence taken away for neglecting to let the Morality Bureau know that nasty and immoral things were happen-

ing in one's basement. So the Parkside got its customers, and the reputation as a place you might go to for a little action. The Morality Bureau kept its arrest statistics up with a minimum of trouble — the Bolters were good citizens enough to provide the officers with a spy hole through a phony ventilation grill. Everyone was happy. Arrests didn't happen often enough to drive everyone away, but frequently enough, presumably, to cover any dry periods at Morality. Everyone "knew," but no one really knew. Being arrested and charged for sex in a beer parlour washroom was not the kind of thing most men wanted to tell their friends about.

Last October 3, Derek Grant went downstairs to use that washroom. There were three other men down there. What none of them knew was that Sgt R Dewhirst of the Morality Bureau was in the adjoining, locked staff washroom, standing on a chair with one leg extended to rest on the sink so he could balance himself, peering through a roughly gouged hole in the wall. It is not a very large hole, maybe three or four inches square, and from the washroom side it looks like a ventilation grill. Later, Dewhirst would testify that he saw the "four men... in what could be loosely

described as a square, a circle, and all four men reached out and manipulated the penises of other men. They did this without any routine or system. It was generally a frenzied action and began and continued for at least thirty or forty seconds...."

After Dewhirst's partner also had a look, the two officers left their hiding place, burst into the washroom and announced that all four were under arrest. Grant panicked. In Parkside employee Cleo Loney's testimony, "he was hysterical... he was screaming and he was trying to get away. There seemed to be a pulling match... I heard (him) asking, pleading not to be taken in."

Sgt Dewhirst put Grant in a headlock and held him in that position, still struggling, until he was handcuffed and put in the police car. Only Sgt Dewhirst knows how tightly he held Derek Grant.

A few hours later, Grant died in police custody. He suddenly had a seizure, and choked to death on his own vomit.

The shameful, sordid death of Derek George Grant, 44, may have marked the end of the little Bolter gold mine.

Four people met with Norman Bolter February 25. Peter Maloney, John Lee, Brent Hawkes and myself sat across from him in his skylit office at the St

The view from Morality's window

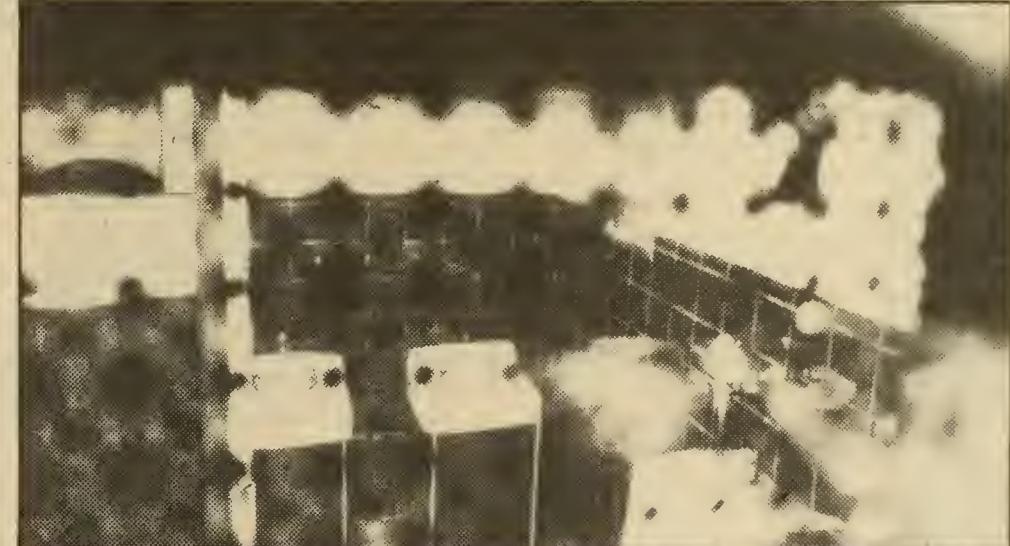
The gay beat, says Morality Bureau Chief Forbes Ewing, is not popular with his boys.

Little wonder. You'd really have to believe in a "perversion-brought-an-end-to-the-Roman-Empire" theory of history to find much job satisfaction in spending hours standing on a chair, looking through a hole and watching men pee. Besides, as Ewing said, "you've got to watch certain things that really aren't to a straight person's liking." Poor babies. But then, every occupation has its hazards.

I interviewed Ewing recently, but it was not a very enlightening encounter. I'd wanted to get some idea of the directing minds behind an operation that intersects so often with the lives of gay men in this city, and I wanted some hard facts about the amount of money and time that goes into keeping our parks and washrooms safe for decent, god-fearing people.

I found out that the Bureau began in

The Morality Bureau set-up (right) and the grill from the washroom. John Lee demonstrates



What the sergeant saw: the view through the phoney ventilation grill.

1935, that it employs 66 people — six of whom are civilians and only one of whom is a policewoman, that the average age of a Morality officer is 30 to 35, that they all have at least a high-school education. I found out that Forbes Ewing is 52 years old, married, and head of the Bureau for just one year.

I didn't, however, find out their budget, or how many gay men were arrested in years previous to 1979. Last year, we know the number was 50, with 28 arrests at the Parkside. But answers to questions on budgetary matters and statistics require clearance

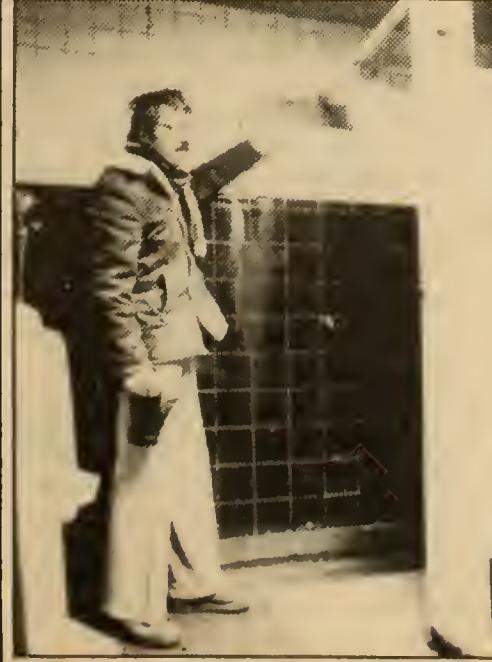
from higher up, and that hasn't come yet.

I asked Ewing to talk a bit about the philosophy he brings to his job, to explain how he can justify continuing to bust prostitutes, gays and gamblers at a time when more and more people see morality as a matter of individual conscience. "I suppose you're right," he said, "there is a general downgrading of morality enforcement. However, there's still many of the public who are concerned — our phones are ringing constantly."

"It can't be left to run rampant," he adds, "it must be controlled. We do the best job we can, but we sometimes feel we don't get the support we should from the courts."

Ewing is, in fact, essentially a moralist — he feels there are forces of good and evil, and the latter will triumph if good men do nothing. Like most moralists, he is out of touch. I ask why there is selective enforcement of the law where gay people are concerned and he says there is none. He says there are no homophobic officers in his division. He is perfectly incredulous when I ask if he feels rights codes should protect gay people from discrimination, and he's incredulous because, as he said, "I'm not aware they're discriminated against." That topic does, however, lead us finally to some common ground.

"We're a minority group ourselves," he tells me, "you know, there are people who don't like us." □



Charles. He favours loud suits. He is also very understanding: "I've just seen *Cruising*," he tells us, "and I know what you guys are worried about. And there's that Gacy thing." He tsks-tisks. "Very bad, that Gacy thing." We talk about the washroom. "It's a bloody disgrace what goes on down there," he says. "The kids I could care less about, but some of the old guys, good customers, I don't want them locked up." He is perfectly incredulous when we tell him that everyone arrested down there is a victim (he thinks we're there to see him because the arrests are bad publicity for the gay movement), and goes into a tirade about his not being able to screw a woman on the floor in a public washroom and why the hell should these guys be thought of as *victims*? "There's only one way to solve the problem down there," he says, "but you guys don't want the police in on it."

He drops a little bombshell: "The police are hot. They want two more spy holes in that washroom."

The Parkside manager is brought in, and yes, he'd been visited by officers from the Morality Bureau, but it was Supt Robert Wright from 52 Division who had asked for the extra holes, one in the wall above each of the stalls. Police standing in a locked utility room would be able to watch everyone using the toilets — the present spy hole surveys the urinals only. Joe, the manager, reports that the carpenter has already been ordered. He says he suggested to the police that they simply put up a sign saying the place was under police surveillance. They said no, just put up a "No Loitering" sign. And make those holes.

Bolter is told we could go to the liquor licencing commission. He is also told that what he is doing could be bad for business. He appears to get the hint. The carpenter for the new holes is cancelled. After further negotiations Bolter agrees that the present hole will be sealed off the moment that someone is hired to keep an eye on the washroom. He even offers to hire somebody sug-



Norman Bolter (left) and his son Howard: "I don't mind some kissing in the bar, but none of that soul kissing. No way."

gested by the gay community. He becomes a bit expansive: "I've got a lot of good gay friends," he tells us. "I don't even mind some kissing in the bar, but none of that soul kissing. No way."

To some extent, it's a replay of some pretty ancient history. Back in February 1972, gay activists Peter Zorzi and Charlie Dobie were writing in the underground newspaper *Guerilla* about the situation at the Parkside, about the cops hiding behind the ventilation grill, about weekly arrests, about being told by management that "you people are lucky to have a place," about leafleting the patrons to warn them about the cops in the basement, about manage-

ment retaliating by refusing to serve anyone wearing any kind of gay lib button. There were meetings with Bolter (who blamed the police for the holes), and phone calls to the cops (who said the Bolters had asked for them). But nothing much happened, and arrests continued, presumably, on and off over the intervening eight years. Until one man died in police custody last year, choking to death on his own vomit.

The gay movement has a little more clout these days. The Parkside is paying the salary of a gay man who keeps the washroom under surveillance, and the infamous spy hole has been sealed off. There is also competition now for the money that flowed almost exclusively into the Bolter coffers for so many years. There are places to drink that are gay owned and pretty much gay run, none of which would tolerate the police entrapment situation encouraged by the Bolters. Norman and family, it seems, are good business people though, and if that means changing with the times, then change with the times they will. No one ever imagined, I'm sure, that one day they would have an open gay person on salary at the request of community leaders. But Roy Bowman is there each night now, and he wears a little card on his denim shirt identifying him as an employee of the Parkside. He is very assiduous about trailing down the stairs after any combination that would have, in the old days, looked very promising indeed. The night I was there he excused himself to follow two very flamboyant drag queens, which seemed to be bringing to the task rather more devotion than the situation demanded. He is, though, new at it.

I went back again in the late afternoon. I still think it's one of the finest times to be at the Parkside. The five o'clock light pours through the windows, the place isn't crowded, it has a mellow, end-of-day feel. The jukebox is not too loud; you can talk. Big Frank stills swings his girth and his beer tray around with all the expertise that 39 years as a beer parlour waiter can give. Some of the people from the York Rainbow Society for the Deaf are talking animatedly in sign language at one of

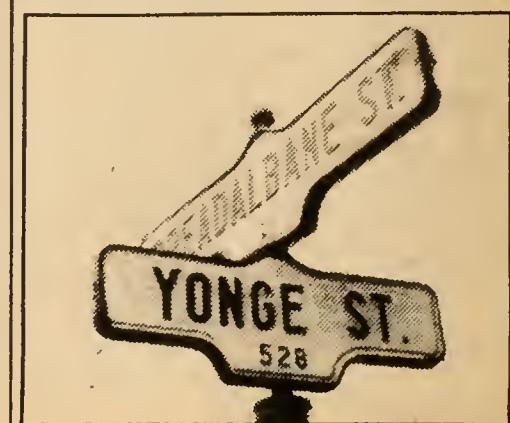
their regular tables. I sit down by myself, with my own thoughts, and have one draft.

Before I leave, I make my own trip to the downstairs washroom. There is no one else down there. It looks exactly the same as it always did — it certainly isn't cleaner — except that some of the tiles on the north wall up near the ceiling are a slightly different colour. They're new. They've obviously been put in hastily and a little clumsily — some tile cement has squeezed out around the edges, and one of the tiles is crooked. Someone comes in, and since it probably looks odd to be unduly fixated by bathroom tile, I leave.

If there is to be an epitaph for the Parkside, it is for this. Not for the people, or the history, or even the grubby old place itself. If there is something we are saying goodbye to at the Parkside, it is somehow summed up by those five new tiles in the basement washroom. It is goodbye to the days when straight businessmen told us "we were lucky to have a place," when we put up with being thrown out for handing out leaflets about gay community events, when we fought to get the cops out of the washroom and we lost. An epitaph for that side of life at the Parkside is one we can be pleased to write. It is an epitaph for our powerlessness.

It isn't that way anymore. Ask Norman Bolter. He's beginning to pay for the changes. □

For much of the history of the Parkside and St Charles as institutions in the lives of gay men in Toronto, the author relied on the memory of George Hislop, and would like to take this opportunity to thank him.



A Gay Community Bill of Rights?

It was necessary in San Francisco, and the situation at the Parkside suggests it's probably needed in Toronto, too. San Francisco Gay Liberation's Bill of Rights says that patrons have a right to expect that those establishments that profit from our community should be accountable to us.

PREAMBLE: We gay people affirm this bill of rights from our understanding that gay-oriented bars and businesses are not just commercial establishments but social institutions in the gay community. Therefore, gay people have the right to expect that the proprietors of these establishments will conduct their businesses in a way responsive to the legitimate needs of the community which they serve.

I. THE RIGHT TO EQUAL ACCESS: All gay people regardless of race, sex, lifestyle, or style of dress, have a right to equal access to all gay-oriented bars and businesses. Neither the exclusion of any group, such as Black people, women, or transsexuals, nor their subjection to a quota system can be tolerated within the gay community. Identification requirements should be the same for everyone.

II. THE RIGHTS OF EMPLOYEES: Employees of gay-oriented commercial

establishments are entitled to certain basic rights:

THE RIGHT TO RECEIVE DECENT WAGES AND BENEFITS ON A PAR WITH THOSE OF OTHER WORKERS.

III. THE RIGHT TO A SAFE ENVIRONMENT: We have the right to expect adequate ventilation, especially when there is crowding and cigarette smoke. Decently maintained restrooms are also to be expected, with privacy provided for those who require it. Health regulations should be observed. In areas not intended for dancing, it is reasonable to expect that the level of noise will not exceed those limits which make conversation impossible.

IV. THE RIGHT TO FREEDOM FROM HARASSMENT AND EXPLOITATION: As gay people, we have the same rights as others to fair prices, unwatered drinks and socializing in public places such as bars, without being harassed to buy. Gay people should have the same rights as the heterosexual patrons of non-gay establishments to touch and show affection.

The complete Bill of Rights may be had by sending a SASE to TBP, Box 7289, Stn A, Toronto, ON MSW 1X9.

HOMOS AT WAR: 2280 A.D.

Ostrom scans the future for a hint of schlocks to come.

A WELL-KNOWN GAY PUBLISHER SELLS HIS NATIONAL MAGAZINE AND A GLOBE-GIRDLING STRING OF DATING SATELLITES TO FINANCE HIS TENTH BODY TRANSPLANT...*

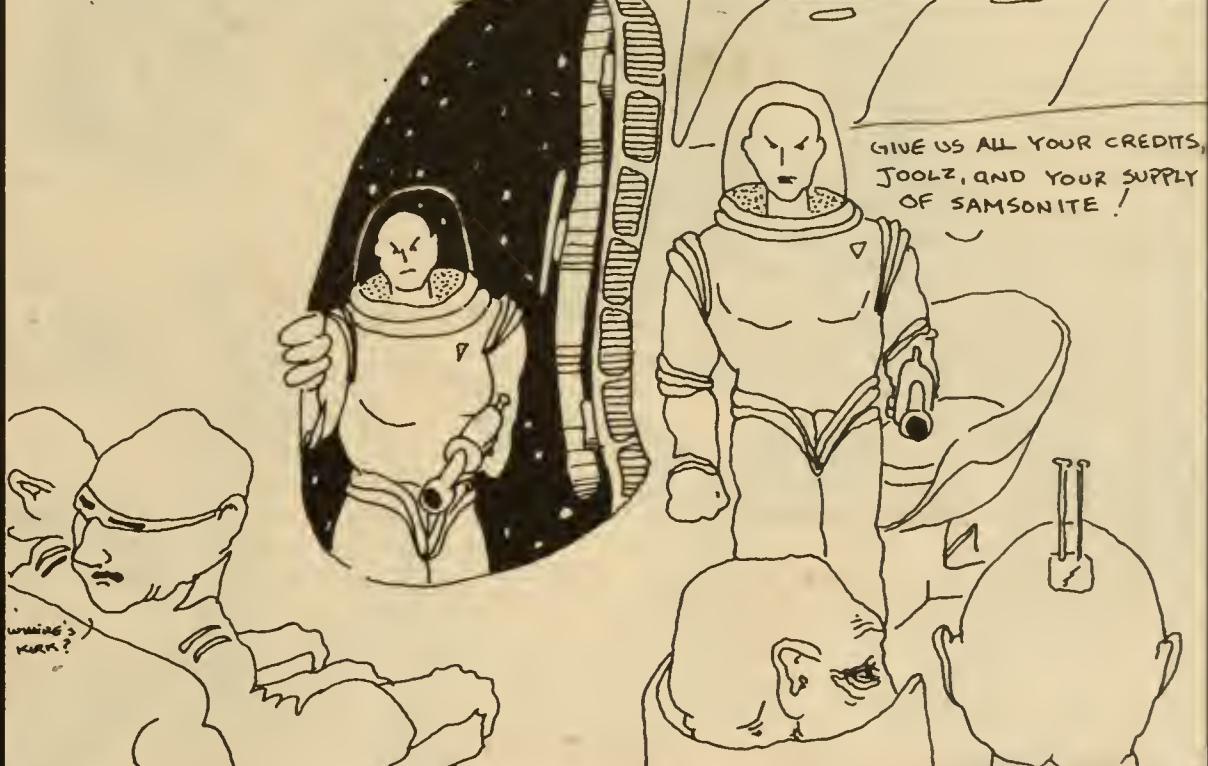
* and sends a telegram of condolence to the survivors of the famine on the planet Homo4

Now that they all live in San Francisco, tell the Engineer Corp. to set off the San Andreas..

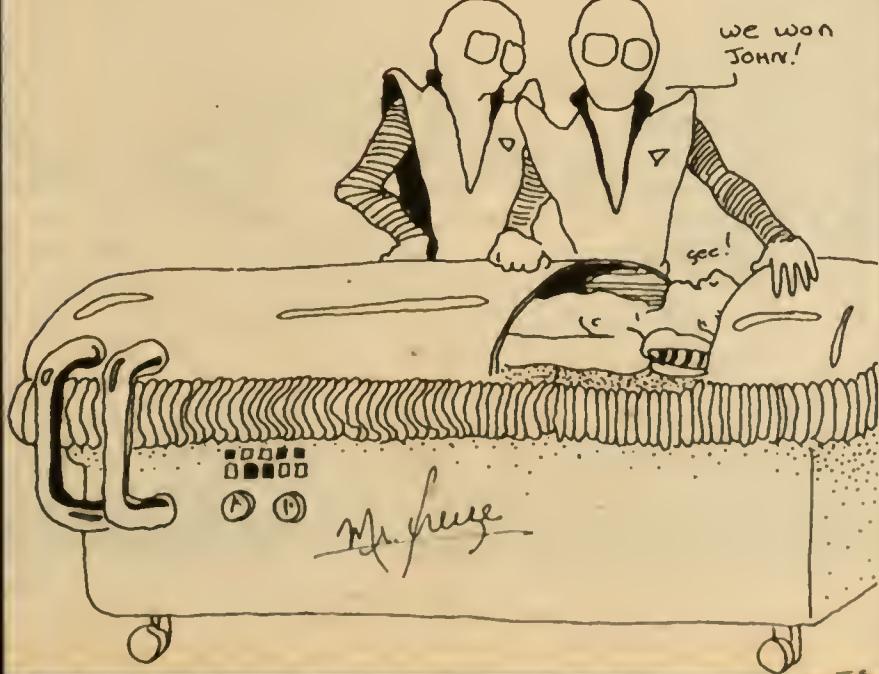
THE GENE RESPONSIBLE FOR A BELIEF IN SOCIOBIOLOGY IS ISOLATED o IT'S RECESSIVE! (and mutating rapidly)



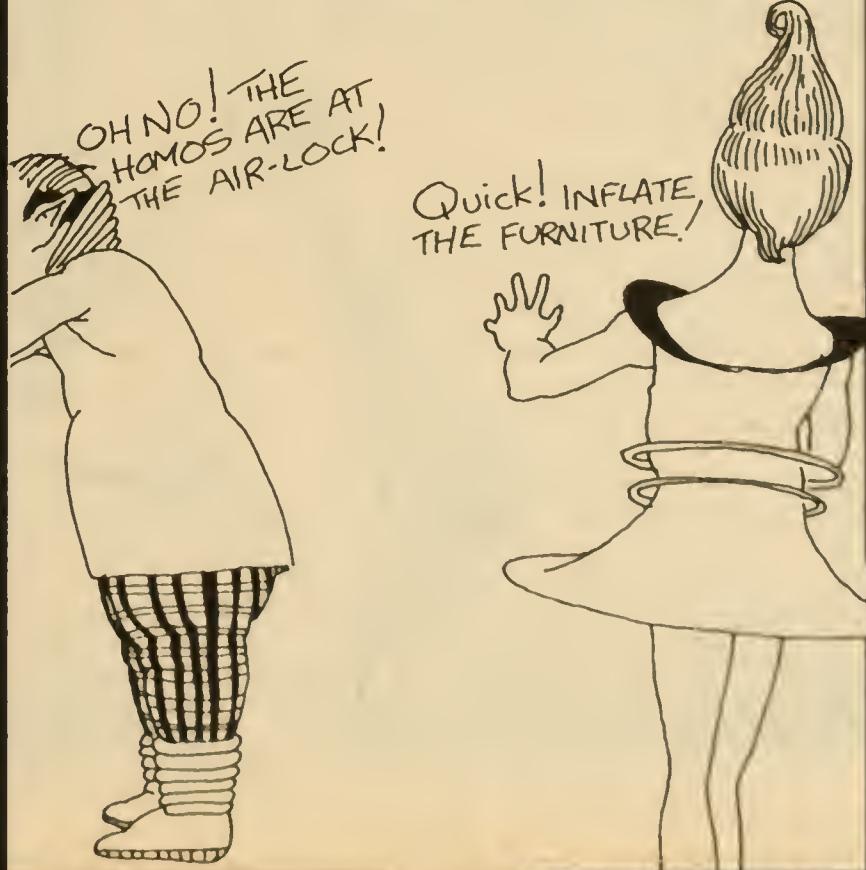
PIRATE DYKES-IN-SPACE TERRORIZE HONEYMOON FLIGHTS TO VENUS...



THE DAMIEN CASE IS FINALLY DECIDED... AND HE'S THAWED FOR THE OCCASION ...



BUT SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE...



In the midst of privilege

A story by
Deborah Munro

*One of two third prize winners
in the Great Canadian Lesbian
Fiction Contest*



They were to return to the Terrapin at Leah's request, a request Kay had met with an attentiveness which betrayed nothing Leah did not already know. Until her call that evening, the bar and Kay's admission of desire had not been mentioned by either. They had — over dinners, in the intermissions of shows, on walks by the autumn river — spoken of Dominique's rough travels with Jan, and of Leah's maternal mixture of concern and fear; the possibility of journeys, compassed in Kay's admission, had not even been charted. Some seas, Leah had said, are too rough, too ambiguous. And some sea's undertow, she thought now, is born of the appropriate and dangerous timing of waves.

What prompted Leah to suggest the bar she did not know: perhaps the simple desire to be where she could dance freely in the free company of gays and straights. Mixed company, she thought. The Terrapin promised a kind of sanctuary, and, at times, a vision — if distorted by alcohol and the sense of the hunt — of what companionship could be. The idling curiosity of the straight tourists, as she now called them, did not particularly disturb her; lust rather than revulsion informed it, and lust was somehow less isolating than hatred. Too, she wanted to dance; more, to dance with Kay whose body knew what hers knew, wanted, could manage; whose body asked for that extension, that reaching beyond she could not come to alone. Dance: the memories rose like swimmers in a pond, the silvered arcs of their bodies in the regions between water and air for one moment before they sank back into the green.

She sat back, as Kay had taught her, and let the disturbed waters clear into vision. There: turning, a glimpse of that moment when Kay first led her out to dance and, pressing long fingers in the small of her spine, said "you're stiff; let your spine go." And she had let go, unlocked by the music and by those hands, surprised to discover her own awkward grace. With her now, the sense of weights in her body moving into place in that narrow room; the sense of being in a cage of Kay's arms, of Kay's making, yet knowing that release was there as it always would be — Kay would not bind her with limits; steps in the dance; desire.

And with this half-formed, half-illuminating phrase, the vision of their last extended dance at The Terrapin when every sense, every word was charged with meanings as submarine as their pool of silence. It had begun with Joan's voice parting the air, with the slight clink of their rings as they met: her wedding ring and Kay's wide gold band. Who, she had wondered then, had given Kay that ring; now she knew. Not rings, though, but coins of light strewn about the floor, and the coins of the piano mingled with them: falling into their silence. It had been smoky, with the old haze of cigarettes, cigars, the hint of marijuana; it had been heavy with sweat, stale beer, urine and whiskey; it had been crowded — with bodies, voices, heat and lust; it had been noisy. But, for whatever reason, and it was probably the song, the room had grown silent then, and it had been in that silence that a certain tension, not altogether antagonistic and not quite sexual, had emerged: a tension Leah had yet to admit. The admission in Kay's face.

She had been so angry, she thought now, so afraid; she had been cruel. Kay, though, had done nothing, had said only those words which would help her through. As immediate as it had been then, shame rose, roiled her again; and she was still not sure whether the rage or the kiss had been the greater cruelty.

This friendship is so damned difficult, playing with matches. She reached for a cigarette from the oak box,

snapped open her lighter and flicked its wheel against her thigh; the flame burst like a flower just beyond the cloth. Kay had once said, "you play with such quotidian fires, Leah — and you have the ability to handle much more."

"And you play with such words, Kay," she'd responded, irritated, laughing. Kay had just smiled.

She inhaled, flicking the ash; I must do something about dinner, and I must tell Dominique that I'll be at the bar tonight. If only she won't nag me, if only she'll just lay off for once.... The irony caught her indignation, turned it to laughter: how often had Dominique asked just that of her? and in just those words?

"It's almost incestuous, Mother! Me with Jan and you with Kay."

"Musical lovers!" she'd added in disgust.

"Darling, we're not lovers. We're friends."

"Would you tell me if you were lovers?"

"I don't know."

They'd parked Kay's car in the alley, almost next to the entrance to the bar: "A bit of luck," Kay crowed. It was Leah, though, who walked with a quick sure stride, who led them down those broken steps and through the dark door; it was Leah who paid the cover and who, with gentleness and implacability, won them a table away from the confusion of light and sound. And it was Leah who, with a gesture of self-deprecation and imperiousness, ordered two straight doubles of Glenlivit.

In that particular silence that private occasions in public require, they lifted their glasses in arcs which almost but not quite intersected, and drank: sparing first sip. Leah's eyes rested on Kay as she held the scotch in her mouth a moment before swallowing, and she thought with a kind of wonder, a kind of comforting fear — in itself fearful — that she *did* take rest in Kay's features. An alien face, strange to her always yet open to her too. The slant gold light carved the shadow of her scar, running from mid-cheekbone to the upper curve of her nostril; only in such light did it show clear. The scar on the chin always stood out like a white crescent moon. Anger welled in her at their histories: a stupid accident, a casual blow.

"Leah?" Kay leaned forward, "what's the matter?"

"I'm angry. At your scars."

"My scars?"

"They shouldn't be there. Stupid," she said, "stupid."

"Leah, they're events, not moral emblems."

"The accident, maybe. But the blow?"

"Even that."

"That's no event, that's brutality. Stephen should never have hit you, no matter how angry he was."

"Not angry, Leah: frightened. It's fear you have to be fearful of. Ironic, isn't it? Look, he did what he had to do to stay whole. He was trapped; there were so few things possible to him. He's the victim, you know. My blow was the more violent; it broke his certainties." She hesitated, "I took much from him, and I took it brutally. If you want to be angry at his violence, be angry at mine too."

"It doesn't work that way. You meant him no harm. You had to break free. I mean, you felt and you thought about it; Stephen's response was a brute response to fear — and I do understand the fear, by the way — but he didn't think, he didn't feel."

"But he did feel, Leah; he felt lost. I had taken away everything; I'd left him stranded not even on some fragment but in midair. That breaking out, sometimes it's a breaking into chaos. And however kindly done, who's to say that that's a good thing? All that simplicity — I'm yours, you're mine, all's right with the world — gives things to people: a kind of security; a kind of belonging. I may have to move into uncertainty, but I can't say that's the right way for others. Not even you."

The confused denial in Leah's eyes drew a quick, twisted grin from Kay. "It's a hard lesson, and one I'm not resigned to. I have to keep stumbling over it. My humility rises out of pride, you see." She looked down into the scotch cupped in her hands. "Sometimes, Leah, I think that's what it's all about: learning in pride and in pain again and again. Learning...to let go."

There were no words to answer this; *the names we can name are not the name*, a fragment from the Lao Tzu, flashed and was gone. This admission was greater than Kay's admission of love, and, seeking some act which would acknowledge and accept this gift, Leah found her reply: "Will you dance with me, Kay?"

Kay bowed her head slightly and rose. Leah took her hand, and they walked into the crowd until they found a space they could claim. It was a Beatles night, and song after song from the white album came through the hidden speakers; first fast, then slow. Quickly, slowly they danced, inconspicuously but with a certain style that drew some eyes to them. Leah led, and led them away on the edge of the light; the way she wanted it — they would move from shadow to shadow, from space to space, just missing the moving bodies about them.

One body did not miss them: a stranger, middle-aged, who had been staring at them over the half ring of empty glasses — his, his companion's. Now, slightly aggressive, slightly drunk, he placed an arm round Leah's shoulders: "Dance, lady?"

"No thank you. I'm already dancing."

"With her. I mean with me."

"Again, no thank you."

"Aw, come on..."

"I said thanks — but no," and, shrugging off his arm, she turned to Kay, palms up in invitation. He lurched between them, grabbing Leah's hand. "I want to dance! You should dance with men. Not..." dismissing Kay with a gesture.

"Please let go," her voice dispassionate.

"Don't be cute!"

She turned towards him and hit him: hard; with the edge of her fisted hand; right at the temple. He started back, shock springing to his eyes, and she shook his hand free to walk off the dance floor. The sound of muted laughter counterpointed, accentuated the taste of copper — green, ironic, verdigris — in her mouth. She strode to their table, motioned to Kay; they swallowed the last of their scotch, gathered their coats and wove their upstream way through the incoming crowd. The bitterness, the sense of powerlessness and rage, burned in her nostrils and throat. The stench of this place is enough to choke anyone, she thought, I've got to get away from this place; this feeling.

They were, at last, out in the alley, and Leah could let loose her anger. "God, I hated him! That bastard, leering, so sure I'd accept him, even with his damned contempt. And I thought," her voice changed, "we were safe there. But it's all the same: property, property and greed."

"Leah, I wish I could have spared you this — if nothing else, this."

"You!" The cry through the air. "You!"

They turned, and saw a young man, no more than twenty, running up to them. He stopped, abruptly, and then advanced slowly, his fists clenching and unclenching with each step. Leah felt trapped in his pulsing, as if time ran and stopped in the same mad breath.

"That was my father you slapped!"

"We're sorry, but your father was bothering this lady..."

He interrupted: "You made a fool out of him, and I'm gonna beat the shit out of you!"

"Hold on. Let us explain..." the calm in Kay's voice slowed his advance. If she can just keep that control, if she can just calm him down, we'll be out of this madness, thought Leah, her thought close to prayer.

"Your father asked this woman to dance and she thanked him for the offer but refused; he wouldn't accept her answer. He left her no alternative. She didn't mean him any harm. Why not let it go at that? Be content with the fact that we both feel bitter and sad about it."

He stood, irresolute, stilled, the war in his mind moving across his face; anger, the imperatives of maleness and custom won. "Damn you, you're nothing but dirty dykes!" and he swung a clumsy fist at Kay's head.

Clumsy but murderous, Leah saw, as Kay slipped past the arc of his hand and blocked his next punch.

"Stop it! Nobody's going to get hurt!"

"Hurt me? Dyke!" and he caught Kay on the cheek

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just above the lip: the force behind it vicious, unchecked.

He hit her!...Jesus, what's happening to us?

He really wants to *hurt* her, and Leah moved impetuously toward them. Kay waved her back as she shook her head to clear it. Confused now, Leah obeyed.

The two, young woman and younger man, stood a few feet apart facing each other: cautious, attentive. His head shifted as he scanned, calculating, seeking out the weak points; hers was still, with an almost meditative calm, and her eyes did not move. He stepped forward, his right arm drawn back and ready to strike; but the strike faltered as Kay kicked out at his belly. He spun to miss the foot but cracked his knee on the pavement as he stumbled.

"Enough?" Kay asked.

He crouched; lunged up and forward, as if the sheer force of his pride would bear her down. She sidestepped the rush, however, and, moving with his body rather than against it, followed him and brought the edge of her hand down on the side of his neck. He fell; not like a stone, but like a collapsing dream: slowly.

A

fter a minute Kay, her breath ragged, bent down and turned the young man over so that his features, impassive, innocent, gleamed in the light. So young, Leah thought, he could have been my son. His head fell forward as Kay hoisted him up to a sitting position against the building. She knelt to open his collar and, after slipping a handkerchief from her pocket, leant forward to wipe the dirt and blood from a small scratch on his forehead; her gestures were gentle, tender, and Leah saw that compassion which must always be Kay's: burden, excuse, a way of balancing what she saw as an essential inhumanity.

"Got a pencil?" Kay's question shorted her current of thought.

"Here."

Kay rifled through her breast pocket, found a notepad and ripped out a sheet; wrote one word: "Sorry."

She got up stiffly, blood on her hand: hers. She'd smeared it across her skin as she'd brushed her hand against the cracked cheek. She turned now to the wall and leant against it, trembling with pain and shock and revolt. Leah did not move; something in the set of those shoulders, the bent head forbade it.

After the spasms ceased, Kay looked down at the unconscious boy. "Poor bastard," she whispered, and turned to Leah, "Jesus, Leah, will it never stop?" There were tears, their traces clear rivulets in the dark maps of blood. Leah had never seen Kay cry before.

She was at Kay's side, stripped off her jacket, wrapping it round those still-shaky shoulders. "Let's get out of here. Where are the keys?"

"Pocket." Kay mumbled and held them out, bloodprints on the leather.

Leah guided Kay to the car, praying that she could remember how to drive a gearshift. She half-lifted Kay into the bucket seat and leant over to strap her in. She was afraid; Kay was so silent, so still. "Don't worry, darling, don't worry, it's over with, hush now and be still; hush," she whispered as she fumbled with the safety catch, but she knew her words were as much for herself as for this woman before her.

She sped round the small car, slid into the driver's seat and, without strapping herself in, wrestled with keys, pedals, gears. The car started with a cough, and she ground the gears as she eased into first. Still no word from Kay. Her legs were too long, her feet awkward with pedals: too many of them, and out of place. She fought to remember, to control her confusion, cued in part by the memories of their drives together; engine's high, switch now, and, here, switch again, down two into neutral and brakes on. The streets were a fluid hallucination of tricks, turns, shadows; the red light gleamed ominously, the green more so. She drove rapidly through invisible streets, drove with one imperative: get home, and quickly. Get home, through this wreck of a city, this ruined night. □

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In the Midst of Privilege is an excerpt from a novel in progress. Author Deborah Munro lives in Vancouver.

Eleanor Roosevelt, during the last three decades of her life, enjoyed a close, loving friendship with one of her most remarkable public contemporaries, Lorena Hickok (lower cameo photo). But the intricate fabric of



Doris Faber's Fabrications

their lives together has been twisted out of shape by biographer and homophobe Doris Faber.

Known in Democratic Party circles as "a demon for work," Lorena Hickok was for 20 years one of America's leading journalists. Among the Associated Press's best feature writers, she was a widely and well-respected nationally syndicated reporter. During the depression she was chief investigator for the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. President Roosevelt read her compassionate reports carefully. They influenced his views and helped determine his policies. For decades, historians have relied on them for analyses of individual, family and community experiences during the New Deal. Lorena Hickok wrote several books, including *The Story of Helen Keller*, *Eleanor Roosevelt: Reluctant First Lady*, and a biography of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In Doris Faber's book, Hickok's life is entirely eclipsed by her friendship with Eleanor Roosevelt.

Since the publication of this book, much has been written about the Roosevelt-Hickok friendship. Columnist Harriet Van Horne waxed positively hysterical: "Admirers of Mrs Roosevelt may never forgive Miss Hickok, for it was she who saved every love-sick scrap and scribble." And now, Van Horne lamented, the "American ideal," the image of "the first lady of the world," has been gravely damaged. Historian Arthur Schlesinger made an effort at worldly sophistication. He neither

knows nor cares whether Mrs Roosevelt was a lesbian. "But, before everyone jumps to drastic conclusions," he urges everyone to remember that Eleanor Roosevelt was "an emotionally dependent woman whose entire life was characterized by a hunger for affection." This notion and his complete misreading of Carroll Smith-Rosenberg's work, "The Female World of Love and Ritual," convinced Schlesinger that the Roosevelt-Hickok relationship belonged to the 19th century and was, therefore, "platonic." Plato notwithstanding, it is amazing that the years 1932-1962 now belong to the 19th century.

Sexual speculations aside, no review has yet discussed the nature, the purpose, the tone of Doris Faber's work. Since feminists seem eager to present this book to their friends (I have received three such), they should know that it is an example of the cruellest exploitation of two women's lives, their love and friendship for each other. Faber despises Hickok and loathes homosexuals. And she says so. On the subject of homosexuality, Faber writes — quoting E M Forster out of context — we have gone from "ignorance and terror" to "familiarity and contempt." She "resisted" the "temptation" to deal meaningfully with Hickok's political views and her significant influence, so as not to give "an unjustifiable pretension of importance to Lorena Hickok and her relationship with Eleanor Roosevelt." Instead, Faber emphasizes Hickok's "ill-favored exterior." She is preoccupied with Hick's weight. She was,

Faber insists, "too big and awkward ever to be like other girls." Even as an adolescent we "see her plod...with a lumpy gait."

A writer of children's books, Doris Faber has filled these pages with schoolgirl gibberish and trite sentimentality. Every feeling, every emotion, is rendered hideous as it is worked through Mrs Faber's hateful stereotypes. Faber explains, for example, that Roosevelt probably had "pity" for Hickok because Roosevelt was after all herself burdened with "those protruding teeth." And so, Faber writes, Roosevelt treated Hickok "with the special kindness that a woman of her compassion reserved for life's unfortunates."

Yet all primary evidence indicates that Hickok was anything but one of "life's unfortunates." She was tough and smart, independent and powerful. One journalist colleague described Hickok in detail: "She was endowed with a vast body, beautiful legs, and a peaches-and-cream complexion. When she was pounding out a sob story, a tearjerker, we'd see tears streaming down her cheeks. When it was a humorous piece, her entire body rippled with merriment..." In addition, Eleanor Roosevelt loved and admired her. She admired particularly Hickok's warmth and humour and generosity. Evidently, even Hickok's flashes of temper could, on occasion, be exhilarating. Above all, it was Hick's capacity to care and feel deeply that Roosevelt found "extraordinary."

Their love is documented in over



The Life of Lorena Hickok: Eleanor Roosevelt's Friend by Doris Faber. Morrow (Gage in Canada) 1980. \$15.50

BOOKS

Kissing cousins

Cold Hands, by Joseph Pintauro. Simon and Schuster (Musson in Canada), 1979. \$14.95.

Cold Hands is a haunting, often painful account of two cousins, Cello and Tato Manfredi. Their love for each other reveals inextricable roots of social and legal oppression toward men who favor men as lovers.

We meet Cello and Tato as children against a backdrop of uncaring parents, lower income neighbourhoods, and a life brimming with more than its share of misery. Soon enough, however, a rich, glamorous earthy aunt, Zia Fantasy, sweeps the boys away for a kaleidoscope summer in a lavish beach house. At summer's end, before the "great white ball of winter" arrives, Cello is sent to Europe for school where he later decides to study for the priesthood. Tato returns to Brooklyn where he eventually studies law and suffers an ill-fated marriage. Voluptuous Zia, "whose perfume escapes when she lifts her veil," rejoins her own lover (male) in Buenos Aires.

Ten years later we meet the relatives again. Times have changed. Cello's and Tato's sexualities have developed and Zia has grown older, less beautiful, sickly. The reunion of Cello and Tato is, from here on, an exercise in desire and denial which, finally, resolves itself.

I am unsure if Pintauro intended for socio-politics to be an integral part of *Cold Hands*. But regardless of his intentions, the socio-politics, or symbols of them, recur and become exceedingly interesting.

Rather clearly and believably, the reader witnesses parental destructiveness and its result. We see the relationship between Cello and Tato, hopelessly drawn to each other, examined from adolescence to manhood. Conventional marriage is depicted as a beleaguered, stifling experience at its best. Pintauro explores sexual taboos, psychologically

3,000 letters; 2,336 from Roosevelt to Hickok. On 4 November 1933, shortly after Hickok gave Roosevelt a sapphire ring, ER wrote: "Hick darling, all day I've thought of you... Oh! I want to put my arms around you, I ache to hold you close. Your ring is a great comfort. I look at it and think she does love me or I wouldn't be wearing it!" According to Faber "both women" were "bent on spending every possible moment together." When they were apart they telephoned each other "nightly". They were very specific about the quality of time they wanted to share when they were together. Roosevelt, during one of their long work-related separations wrote: "Oh! how I wanted to put my arms around you in reality instead of spirit. I went and kissed your photograph instead.... Please keep most of your heart in Washington as long as I'm here for most of mine is with you!" Hickok wrote ER: "Only eight more days. 24 hours from now it will be only 7 more.... I've been trying today to bring back your face — to remember your eyes, with a kind of teasing smile in them, and the feeling of that soft spot just northeast of the corner of your mouth against my lips.... Well — I'm rather proud of us, aren't you? I think we've done rather well."

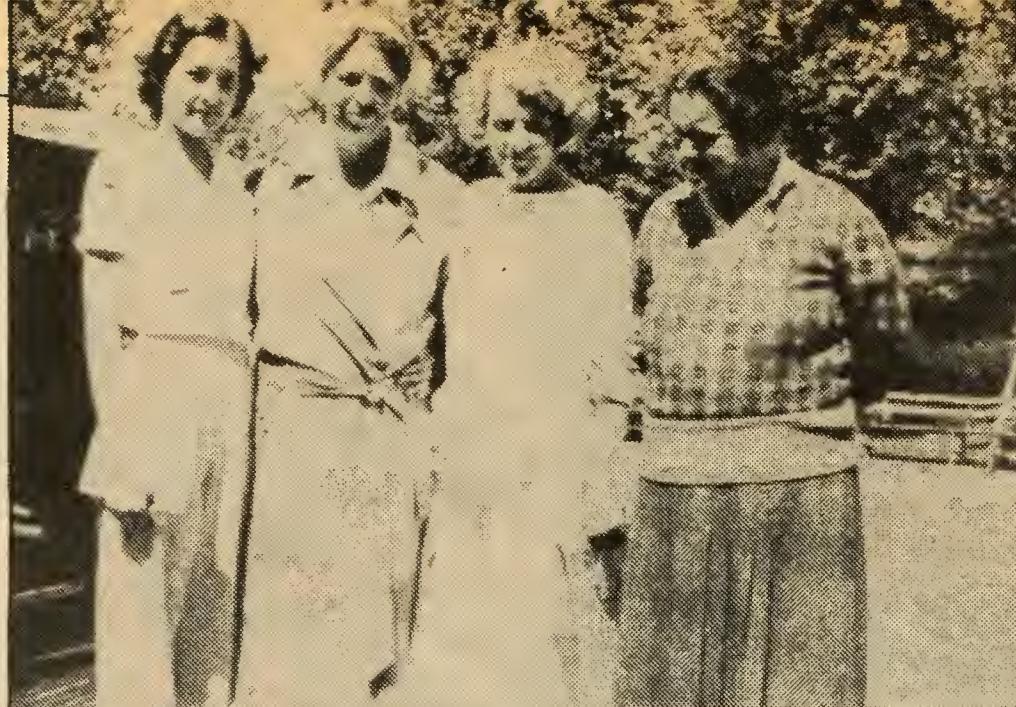
Faber concludes that it is "unthinkable" to designate this correspondence "lesbian." She argues that the letters



Judge Marion Harron

represent for Roosevelt "an intense, if unusually belated, schoolgirl crush." Faber asserts that to describe their "attachment" in any other way would have been "immoral." And despite such letters "particularly susceptible to misinterpretation," as Roosevelt to Hickok: "I wish I could lie down beside you tonight and take you in my arms," Faber insists "there can be little doubt... the above letter does not mean what it appears to mean." Yet the letters are filled with references to other lesbians; and Faber is certain about Hick's three year affair with Judge Marion Harron. While feminists might like more information about how Roosevelt and Hickok survived the "open" segment of their relationship, Faber is too busy denying all reality to give any meaningful detail. She writes only that Marion Harron's letters are, "beyond doubt, love letters. What is mystifying, though, is exactly what Hick intended to convey, regarding Eleanor Roosevelt, when she included them" for deposit in the Roosevelt Library.

Finally, Faber asks to be exonerated from all blame for writing about this relationship by explaining that she pleaded with the archivist to reseal the entire Hickok collection. "Why, I asked him, why couldn't this collection be locked up again, at least for another several decades?" In a subsequent



Roosevelt (second from left) and Hickok (far right) with two summer 1933 friends

discussion she brought along her husband. At lunch with archivist Bill Emerson, "the two men did most of the talking." Faber "behaved more emotionally, interrupting" their philosophical wanderings to shout that "Eleanor Roosevelt was a great woman," and the central reality of her adult life should, therefore, be locked up, "at least until the year 2000."

Having failed to get the papers resealed, Faber decided — with dollar bills dancing before her eyes — to beat out "the summer's tide of assistant professors" already at work on Hick's "cache." This crudely exploitative book thus introduces a long and complex relationship between two vigorous and bold women. Hickok, who wrote that she liked "lots of thunder in my Beethoven — and fire in my Wagner," surely deserves a serious biography. Then, no biography of Eleanor Roosevelt will ever again be titled, *Eleanor: The Years Alone*, as Joseph Lash did in 1972.

Neither Hickok nor Roosevelt burned these letters. Both could have. Neither chose to. Hickok, who maintained a warm friendship with Roosevelt's daughter, Anna R Halsted, wrote in 1966 that they were saved and given to the FDR Library because that was what her mother wanted. Faber denies that, insisting that Hick merely desired posthumous fame; and laments: "If LH had destroyed just seven more letters, the impact of her collection would have been substantially lessened." Hickok evidently did burn 15 letters involving family matters which, she wrote Anna Halsted on 9 June 1966, were meant for her "eyes only." Also, Hickok's sister destroyed a "sheaf" of letters found in Hickok's apartment after her death. Within that framework and filled with her own vile imaginings, Doris Faber simply could not cope with this deeply caring friendship that involved struggle, triumph, love.

On finishing Faber's screed I looked around for a book with which to bathe my eyes. *Olivia*. Written in 1949, *Olivia* "occupied this idle, empty winter" of Dorothy Strachey Bussy's 83rd year. Dorothy Strachey Bussy wrote that *Olivia* "was written to please myself,... without considering whether I shock or hurt the living, without scrupling to speak of the dead." She concluded the introduction to her anonymous autobiographical novel by noting that in order to recapture those feelings of that year when she was sixteen and in love with Mlle Julie (Marie Souvestre) the headmistress of her school, it was necessary to overthrow all "all the psychologists, the psychoanalysts, the Prousts and the Freuds" "the prowling beasts, the nocturnal vermin" — all of whom had laid "in ambush" to "poison the sources of

emotion," "to give it its name," and to apply their "poisonous antidotes" to the romantic realities of life. "Love has always been the chief business of my life," she wrote, "and I don't pretend that this experience was not succeeded by others." But at 83 Dorothy Strachey Bussy "felt the urgency of confession," the need to assail and stand up to those elements of her culture that had forced her to hide, that had kept her "from any form of unveiling...."

Dorothy Strachey Bussy was Eleanor Roosevelt's teacher. She taught English literature at Allenswood. And the novel's Mlle Julie, Mlle Souvestre, introduced Eleanor Roosevelt to the joys of the intellect, the need for political commitment, and the realities of passion. Eleanor Roosevelt, barely disguised as Laura in *Olivia*, was very popular at Allenswood — where her cousin Corrine remembered that Eleanor was "everything at the school. She was beloved by everybody.... Young girls have crushes and you bought violets or a book and left them in the room of the girl you were idolizing. Eleanor's room every Saturday would be filled with flowers...."

While waiting for a serious biography of Hickok, and the publication of these letters, one would do better to read *Olivia*.

Blanche Wiesen Cook □

Richard F Leavitt's *The World of Tennessee Williams* (Longman Canada, \$29.95) is a delightful, sometimes witty pictorial biography. It's all here: Tennessee's feelings about Carroll Baker's thumb-sucking in *Baby Doll*, his summer spent shoveling hen shit, and his visit from Marlon Brando, "just about the best-looking young man Williams had ever seen," who hitchhiked to Cape Cod to meet the playwright and fixed his broken toilet before further impressing him with his reading of *Streetcar*. Below, Williams (right) at home with Frank Merlo.

Ian Young □



and legally. At times, characters even debate suicide and the right to commit it. To a lesser degree, we see some odd interworkings of the priesthood coupled with a larger issue, that of questioning one's faith. Combined, the socio-politics display the overall constraints and ramifications of our society's contempt not only towards same gender relationships but also towards any human loving/needling encounter which differs from the accepted status quo. *Cold Hands* is a portrait of clear-cut examples rather than a lot of contrived, pot-shot psychoanalysis. It is refreshing.

Despite the story's underlying theme of diminishing hopes, Joseph Pintauro, a poet and playwright, details the plight of Cello and Tato with exquisite grace. His skill continually overshadows any sadness aroused by the plot.

He prods us to realize there are no superior orders to obey, not to the church, not to our prejudicial democracy, and not least of all to the indifferent, incapable conventions of our elders and an unenlightened society. The result is a moving, lingering drama, of a highly readable sort.

Stephen B Goodman □

FILM

Stacking the deck

The Consequence directed by Wolfgang Petersen. A Solaris/WDR Köln Production. West Germany, 1977.

When *The Consequence* was screened at the Toronto Film Festival two years ago, I was afraid that was the last we'd see of it. Since then it has been picked up by a Canadian distributor, and last month it opened for a long run at Cineplex.

It begins with the imprisonment of Martin, a forty-year-old actor, for sleeping with an underaged boy. In an exceedingly erotic series of prison scenes, he is seduced by the teenaged

son of one of the staff. The film goes on to detail their itinerant relationship as Martin is freed, and Thomas sent by his father to a brutal reform school. All of the tiresome elements of the homo-romance-in-the-face-of-adversity are present; indeed, the story comes close to being self-pitying. But instead, it is subverted at key moments, made to suggest that what is passed off as *psychological instability* in gay relations is the internalization of social forms of oppression. *The Consequence* confronts popular conceptions about gay people — that we're child molesters, criminals, neurotics — and explores the connections between them and the legal and psychiatric structures that are their basis.

Thus, we begin with an "innocent" and yet highly erotic young Thomas, and watch as he is desexualized. The film clearly demonstrates that it's not that youth do not want sexual relations, or that somehow they are not ready for them. Rather, their sexuality threatens societal institutions, and so must be repressed.

To the extent that this film reveals certain structural truths about our society, its form is that of realism — unlike something like *Cruising*, which has virtually no understanding of social forces. It's methods, however, belong more to melodrama — or, better, a kind of TV suspense-thriller. On the one hand, Thomas' beauty is idealized, his relationship with Martin sentimental. On the other, the various figures of authority are veritable caricatures of evil. A number of critics have accused the film of playing with a stacked deck. It does. And, to be sure, the truths it reveals are rather pedestrian ones. But for these very reasons, *The Consequence* comes close to my idea of a perfect political film. It's wholly accessible, erotic, and capable of identifying our position over against those structures established to make us conform.

Alexander Wilson □

Tom and the Rhythm Tapper (or Steps for Two)

Big empty days no money & no time
breathing space tossed up, dispersed
heel & toe very tentative
if you learned to defend yourself in each & every situation
and who at 30 can eagerly fish — not these two — amongst
the poetic dreams, kisses and wishes?

Then if there's the first whiff of failure
the suggestion
widens into a stench
Tom's future skips out —
his past sits down on his face.

The Tapper says "I'm clear aren't I that
it's not you I don't want to know, but me?"

Tom accepts what he gets
and the Tapper gives
what the moment suggests
and really each is so hard to get ahold of
so modern & casual
Tom's french pullovers & yellow espadrilles,
and the sweat-pants and tank-tops of
the biceps of
the sweat running off the stomach muscles of
the Rhythm Tapper

Robert Glück



Ernst Hannawald (left) as Thomas and Jürgen Prochnow as Martin in *The Consequence*

The best-yet gay health guide

The Advocate Guide to Gay Health by R D Fenwick, Dutton (Clarke-Irwin in Canada), 1978, \$14.50.

With a number of good lesbian and gay sex and health manuals in print, one wonders what new perspectives *The Advocate* will bring to the subject of gay health care. The guide is informative and gay-positive, and brings together in one volume a more complete discussion of gay health than any other guide yet published. One does not have to read very far, however, to discover a predictable *Advocate* limitation — the guide is written very much with the urban, middle-class gay male reader in mind. As such, Fenwick's work contains much useful information, but reflects only part of the gay experience, leaving a number of important issues untouched. For example, the guide has no advice to gay married men, many of whom have difficulty reconciling furtive (gay) sexual encounters with an on-going sexual relationship with their wives. Gay youth are similarly overlooked, and the guide contains no information on coming out or the problem of deciding on one's sexuality. Fenwick does try to expand his scope to lesbians, but is largely unsuccessful in this, and invites accusations of tokenism and stereotyping.

Setting aside the question of limited perspective for a moment, what is in the guide that gay people should know about? To begin with, a clear and accurate description of the different kinds of sexually transmitted diseases (which often have no symptoms) like syphilis, gonorrhea, and intestinal parasites. The chapter on "The Hazards of Sex" discusses the delights and dangers of S&M, fistfucking, and sex toys in a straightforward and often tongue-in-cheek manner, including amusing anecdotes like that of the man whose cock-ring set off the detector at airport security clearance. In later chapters, Fenwick identifies sexual dysfunction, alcoholism, and drug abuse as frequent impediments to a healthy gay lifestyle. His common-sensical observations on alcohol and drugs are highly relevant to the bath, bar and disco crowd, but he provides few insights into the complex-

ities of sexual dysfunction.

In "Holistic Health," Fenwick emphasizes the link between good physical and mental health and a gay-positive self-image. Taking responsibility for one's own mental and physical well-being is a major tenet of holistic health care, and Fenwick, a writer specializing in this field, constantly stresses this perspective. A major shortcoming of this otherwise important and valid view on health care is that its focus on individual action doesn't recognize the importance of collective action by gay people to create conditions in which we can maximize our physical and mental welfare. For example, gay self-defence is not once mentioned in the guide. Do Fenwick's self-confident gay men never get harassed by police or queerbashers?

Fenwick's perspective is also suspect in the area of sex roles. Relying on Kinsey's research and C A Tripp's speculations in *The Homosexual Matrix*, Fenwick confidently asserts that men have a "natural predisposition toward promiscuity" and casual sex, while women find sexual satisfaction almost exclusively in relationships. This dangerously conservative and limiting view, all too widely held in gay and feminist circles, does no justice to either women or men, gay or straight. While no one would deny that at present there are differences between the sex lives of many lesbians and gay men, it seems more reasonable to attribute these differences to social and peer-group conditioning than to biology. These views merely restate age-old male and female sex role stereotypes, and deny the efforts of many lesbians and gay men to move beyond these roles.

On the subject of women, Fenwick's inclusion of information relevant to lesbians is well intentioned but out of place. Few lesbians will read *The Advocate Guide with Our Bodies*, *Ourselves*, *The Joy of Lesbian Sex*, and other lesbian and feminist publications available. For many gay men, however, *The Advocate Guide* as yet is the best choice for information on the numerous health issues arising in the urban gay lifestyle.

Robert Trow □

BOOKS

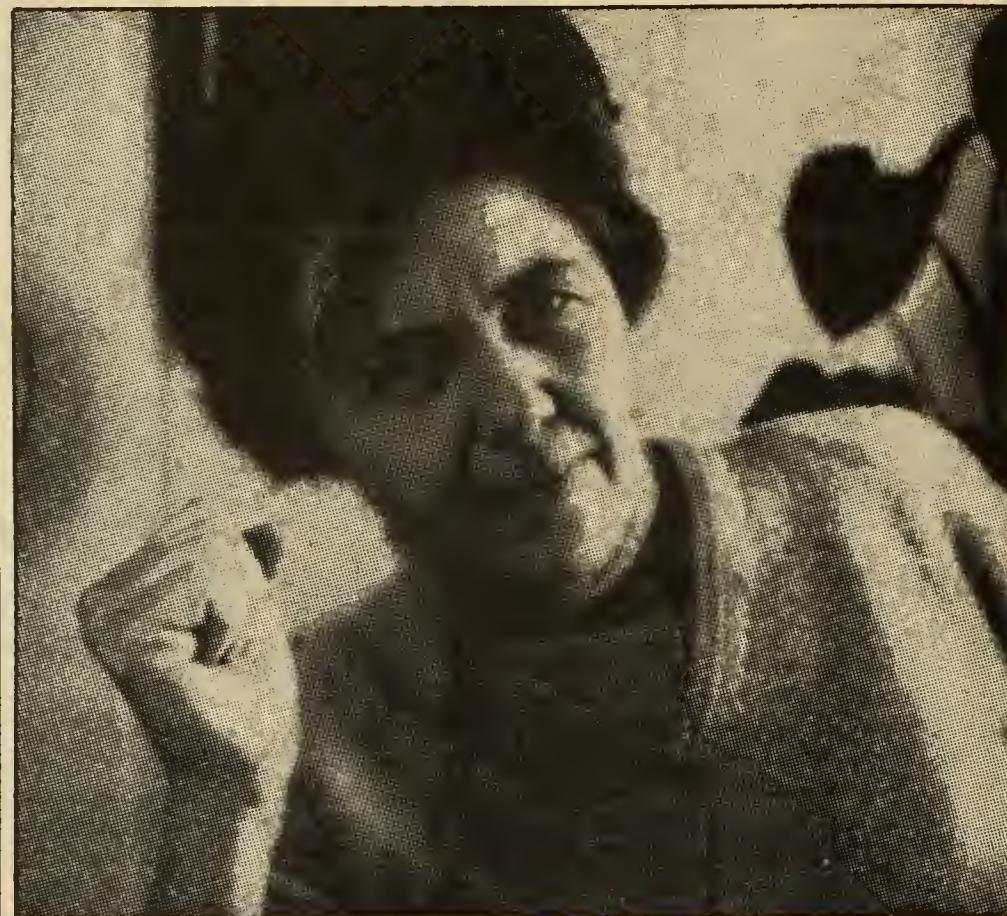
A talking bush

The Wanderground: Stories of the Hill Women by Sally Miller Gearhart. Persephone Press. 1979. \$5.00

Sally Gearhart's *The Wanderground* is a utopian novel of a very different stripe than, for example, Monique Wittig and Sandy Zeig's *Lesbian Peoples* (reviewed here last month). Where *Lesbian Peoples*, an imaginary dictionary from a society existing in a future Lesbian Golden Age, is utopian-fanciful, *The Wanderground* is utopian-political. A political critique of *Lesbian Peoples* would be an oafish flat-footed affair in view of the book's foundation in fantasy. On the other hand, it is possible to have political reservations about *The Wanderground* because it is a more literal work making use of certain currents in American lesbian ideology and reinforcing those currents. This contrast can be illustrated with an example. Gearhart is of the opinion (expressed in a recent interview in *GCN*) that the extrasensory powers used by the women of *The Wanderground* are an actual potential of women; Wittig and Zeig would not want to claim that women have the real potential to give birth through the ear, although this does occur among companion lovers.

The scenario of *The Wanderground*: After a period of virtual sexual warfare between men and women, many women choose to flee from the city to the countryside... Certain men, known as "gentles," have no interest in sexual violence, and limited forms of co-operation exist between these and the women of the countryside. Safe because men and their technology have, for reasons unknown, become impotent outside the limits of the evil city, the women set up camp in the countryside, developing their extrasensory powers in order to survive. These powers include enfolding (telepathy), windriding (flight), and toting (levitation of objects). The women have the ability to communicate with plants and animals. Heartfelt exchanges such as the following exchange between woman and bush frequently occur: "Be with me", she sent. "Be with me," the bush answered. They acknowledged and held at nodding distance." Nature, warm and womblike, treats its women-protectors with loving tenderness. As a Canadian, I find it hard to empathize with a view of nature as kind and gentle: up here it's quite easy to be really harmless to the creatures of the earth and still freeze to death or be eaten alive by flies in the bush.

Because the women of *The Wanderground* are equipped with a variety of extrasensory powers, they are able to commune with nature and make their living without the assistance of any but the most rudimentary technology: a fetching thought, but one which unfortunately feeds certain mystificatory trends in American lesbian politics. *The Wanderground* has brought into that sector of American lesbian ideology which manages to combine nature mysticism with advanced sound technology without noticing any contradiction. Casting aside the 'male' technology of the cities, lesbians are exhorted to ally ourselves with nature against our common rapist. What results is an anti-technological backlash to the very real problem of the domination of nature and women by men. Yet paradoxically, this very technology is a presupposition to the vast increases in social wealth and social pro-



Gearhart: feeding mystificatory trends in American lesbian politics

ductivity which make possible the liberation of all women. There is a great deal of difference between an electric light and a hydrogen bomb, and we really should be able to accept the first while rejecting the second. We must drop this facile opposition between city and country: the challenge is not to make a home in the country, but to make the city into a shared living room. Or as Adrienne Rich better expresses it: "We want to live like trees, / Sycamores blazing through the sulfuric air, / dappled with scars, still exuberantly budding, / our animal passion in the city."

Amid these solemn cautions, it cannot be denied that *The Wanderground* is capably written, consistently absorbing, and deeply humane. The illustrations by Elizabeth Ross at the head of each chapter are a complete joy.

Lorna Weir □

A cracking heart

The New Woman's Broken Heart by Andrea Dworkin. Frog in the Well, 1979. \$3.00.

In her first collection of short stories, Andrea Dworkin explores the wide range of tactics used in the war of the sexes. For the characters in these stories, this war is an all-absorbing occupation: the men try to win — and usually do — while the women merely try to survive — and usually don't. Like contemporary Jews, Dworkin tells us, women are divided into two groups: those who went under and those who survived. There is nothing glorious about survivors; there are no heroines, no goddesses, and no amazons.

Going against the utopian grain of much contemporary women's fiction, Dworkin presents no promise of happiness, no glimpse of a community of women-identified-women. The "new woman," who thinks she's different from her mother, ends up bitterly betrayed not only by men but even by trendy women:

this new woman is dying too, of poverty and a broken heart, the heart broken like fine china in an earthquake, the earth rocking and shaking under the impact of all that goddam ass wiggling going off like a million time

bombs, an army of whores cannot fail — to die one by one so that no one has to notice. meanwhile one sad old whore who stopped liking it has a heart first cracked then broken by the ladies who wiggle while they work.

There seems to be no hiding place where women can forget the war raging around us: the war is not just between but even within the sexes. Two gay men are presented who at first look different — softer, less aggressive — but they end up resorting to the same strategies as straights. The glimpses of lesbianism are not so much islands of true love as variations on the one and only theme of our society, sex:

yes, she had sucked the cunts of brilliant, strong and worthy women with abandon and no small measure of delight, but all the while she had dreamed herself celibate and had even imagined that she was a virgin again as she once had been — only this time in spirit as well as in body, on purpose instead of by accident.

No happy lesbian couples, no Michigan women's festival, no swinging disco dykes, no strong feminist activists — only a relentless fuck, in every sense of the word. In this gloomy, or rather bloody, world, the only words infused with a fragile feeling of hope are "androgynous" and "celibacy."

Those readers who, like myself, are more inclined towards feminist utopian fiction will probably be unsettled by Dworkin's book. The possibility that all relationships may be potentially sexual and therefore potentially violent is not a pleasant one to consider. And yet, it may be true that until we have considered this suggestion our sunny Michiganans will be utopian in the worst sense of the word, ie naive. I am optimistic that this disturbing suggestion may turn out to be false; but then, I'm usually optimistic.

The New Woman's Broken Heart, published by a new California feminist press, is an important work, and I hope that it can be distributed widely despite the financial and marketing problems endemic to such presses. Dworkin's prose is excellent, and, although there is little in this book to cheer us up, there is plenty to reflect upon.

Mariana Valverde □

For sales information contact: Susan Hester, Frog in the Well, 430 Oakdale Rd, East Palo Alto, CA 94303 USA.

A faithful cow

True to Life Adventure Stories, vol I, edited by Judy Grahn. Diana Press, 1979. \$5.00

Short stories have always bored me, so that the repeated rumours of their imminent demise as an art have gladdened my heart. It was, then, a wholly unanticipated pleasure when Judy Grahn's collection of adventure stories became the dominant passion of my soul one evening. The collection is tough, honest and the "adventures" true to the ordinary violent humiliations and mild heroism of women's lives.

Grahn has an especially good eye for choosing working class themes and stories which centre on class conflict. These strong and subtle stories recount women's resistance to the particular forms of power which distort our lives at work, in jail, during marriages. Male sexual violence toward women is the focus of several chilling, though not sensationalistic, tales guaranteed to make every woman alive, sweating and angry, long-buried memories. Should this all sound forbiddingly earnest, take heart: relief comes with tales of hairy women and a faithful cow.



Grahn: integrating issues

The lesbian stories are unromantic, dealing more with the prose than the poetry of lesbian relationships. Grahn, following a recent trend in feminist politics, integrates lesbian material into a broader feminist project rather than publishing lesbian and feminist short stories in two separate publications. The movement is toward giving general feminist issues lesbian content instead of segregating lesbian concerns off into a separate box marked "lesbian."

Grahn's introduction notes that the stories were chosen for their "realistic grappling with real-life situations, for unsentimentality and clarity, for integrity. They are not escapist, not fantasies about winning, or leaving, or controlling the world." Aiming for feminist realism, she has achieved her goal. Rooted in our everyday oppressions, *True to Life Adventure Stories*, in the tradition of the finest feminist writing, speaks our bitterness, unleashes our rage.

Lorna Weir □

DANCE

Wayfarers in love

Song of a Wayfarer by the National Ballet of Canada. Music by Gustav Mahler. Choreography by Maurice Béjart.

There are two men on stage doing a *pas de deux*. The one behind, the one in red, is in darkness. He is small and dark. In front of him is a larger man in blue. His body speaks the voice of reason. The dark figure in red is motionless. Tomas Schramek and Frank Augustyn are dancing The National's latest, *Song of a Wayfarer*.

Schramek comes forward, taking Augustyn's hand. The lights flood the stage with red. Outside, the snow sogs the February pavements; inside the O'Keefe, this great improbable barn of a place, two men are making love to one another. Gary Relyea's baritone voice comes up strong and lyrical from the pit: "When in the golden fields I go, I see from far golden hair blowing in the wind. O pain! O pain!" It is good to hear a man's voice singing this as it is meant to be sung. The songs are about the sorrow of a man now that his beloved is getting married. Nowhere in the German text that Relyea sings is there any mention of the beloved's being a woman, though that is the way it usually appears in English. "The two blue eyes of my beloved have sent me wandering the wide world over." You don't need to know about the Mahler portrayed in *Death in Venice* to spot the ambiguities in these lyrics. Dammit, they aren't even ambiguities!

"In the ballet," says the restraining program note, "a young man and another figure, variously described as his double, his conscience, or his destiny struggle together before a final reconciliation." Some struggle — "I have a glowing dagger, a dagger in my breast." Some reconciliation — a linden tree showers him with its white blossoms and all is well. You don't have to be Freud to read that one.

You don't have to be Freud to see two men on stage falling in love with one another either: the one waiting, controlling, expectant, the other terrified at first, running away, mechanising his responses, returning at last. Maybe it is the old Thomas Mann thing, the love of the dark southerner (passion) for the fair northerner (reason). Maybe it is

man finding himself, finding the gay man that is in him, and that, for all his rationalizing, will not go away. Maybe it is just two lovers — Augustyn's wave to the light at the end a last wave to the safe world of rational respectability.

They go off together into the dark. It is a ballet, says McKenzie Porter of *The Toronto Sun*, "distinguished by its almost total lack of sexual significance." The ladies in the lobbies are not fooled. "Did you ever see anything like that?" they say. "It certainly was different!"

— Douglas Chambers □

Our Contributors

Rick Bébout has a new boyfriend... **Douglas Chambers** teaches at Trinity College, University of Toronto... **Blanche Wiesen Cook** teaches history in the City University of New York and has recently edited and written the introduction to *Crystal Eastman: On Women and Revolution*... **Stephen Goodman** lives in New York City and has just completed his first novel... **Robert Glück** lives in San Francisco. His books include *Andy and Family Poems*... **Bruce Russell**, bibliomaniac and gay historian, recently moved to Quebec... **Robert Trow** is a health care worker at a free clinic in Toronto... **Mariana Valverde** is celebrating her birthday on International Women's Day... **Lorna Weir** is studying carpentry at night school... **Alexander Wilson** is a student of literature and culture... **Ian Young** spends a great deal of his time in New York City.



The crest of the New Wave brought dozens of bands to Toronto, and while many are imaginative in name, not so many are in music: there are always drums, naturally, maybe a keyboard or sax, and always, always guitars. And even in this, the least macho of rock music forms, one might still have to suffer the occasional lout pumping away at the axe on his hip, intent on some serious, heavy stuff, man.

TBA, though, is a nice surprise. When drummer Stephen Bock (left) and keyboardist Glenn Schellenberg (right) left the Everglades and set up on their own, they didn't bother looking for guitar players. Together with organist Paul Hackney (centre) and sound mixer Michael Brook, they have created a sound very much their own from four keyboards, a set of drums and their own voices. Their musical inventiveness is matched by the irony and intelligence of their lyrics in songs like "Come After Me Sideways," "I'm in Love with the Most Nervous Person in the World," and "Bushman," inspired by the Toronto leather bar, The Barn.

And, yes, you can dance to it. At TBA's February 22 concert in the chrome-and-arbore splendour of the Royal Canadian Legion Hall on Queen Street, the crowd shabopped — in every possible combination of the sexes — right through two encores and still didn't want the music to stop. I hope it doesn't.

— Rick Bébout □

ESTHETERA

• There are two recurring rumours in Vancouver literary circles about Talonbooks. One is that it is about to go bankrupt unless it gets however much money from this or that level of government. The other is that it is about to move to Toronto. What these stories reveal is the tenuous hold on survival that any small Canadian publishing house — particularly one you can't take the TTC to visit — enjoys. Somehow over the years Talon has produced a series of handsome editions of some of the most important writers in Canada. And a glance over the Talon catalogue shows that a great many of those books are by lesbian and gay authors who are very upfront about their sexuality. So in a sense it is no surprise that perhaps in an effort to expand its readership/market Talon recently issued separate book catalogues on various themes, including "Gay Themes and Issues." All well and good, except that several years ago I wrote to Talonbooks requesting some information, innocent bibliographical information, and got the following reply from publisher Karl Siegler: "It seems to me that were I to respond to your request, I may be violating the privacy of some individuals. Not all authors (persons) see their sexuality as part of the public domain. Need I go on? Sincerely, Karl." All I wanted to know was if Siegler knew of any Canadian gay writers that weren't included in a bibliography I had compiled. It's strange to think of Marie-Claire Blais, John Herbert, Bertrand LaChance, Jane Rule, Michel Tremblay, Scott Watson, and David Watmough not seeing their sexuality "as part of the public domain." Well Karl, welcome to the Seventies!

— Bruce Russell

• Ludwig Wittgenstein has been gay in print for a number of years now, but only last year was his philosophy examined for its connections with his homosexual experience.

Albert W Levi argues that three key features of Wittgenstein's ethical philosophy all coordinate with his homosexuality: his wonder at the existence of the world, his feeling of absolute safety, and his sense of guilt.

You'll find the full argument in *Telos*, Winter 1978-79. Levi's article is entitled "The Biographical Sources of Wittgenstein's Ethics."

• *TBP* contributor Michael Lynch has published an essay about the homosexuality of the Victorian poet Gerard Manly Hopkins in the Fall, 1979 *Hopkins Quarterly* from the University of Guelph, Guelph, Ontario.

Lynch argues that even when it is not dealing with the subject of Hopkins's sexual attraction to men, his style itself is homosexual. "Inscape," that is, is gay.

• Sara Teasdale, the American poet who was widely read in the first quarter of this century, but hardly at all now, has often been described as "virginal" or "spinsterish." But a newly discovered packet of letters and cards to her friend Harriet Gardner Curtis "makes it clear how much more significant were her relations with other women, how central they were to her emotional and artistic life."

Ruth Perry and Maurice Sagoff reinterpret Teasdale's life on the basis of these woman-loving-woman letters. Their article, "Sara Teasdale's Friendships," is in *New Letters: A Magazine of Fine Writing* (Fall, 1979) published at the Univ of Missouri, Kansas City, MO.

New Titles

And They Took Themselves Wives: The Emergence of Patriarchy in Western Civilization by David Bakan. Harper & Row (Fitzhenry & Whiteside in Canada), 1979. \$11.95.

The New Couple: Women and Gay Men by Rebecca Nahas and Myra Turley. Seaview (Fitzhenry & Whiteside in Canada). 1979. \$12.95.

Lesbians, Women and Society by E M Etteore. Routledge & Kegan Paul (Oxford in Canada), 1980. \$13.95.

Men's Bodies Men's Selves by Sam Jultry. Delta, 1979. \$10.95.

The New Gay Liberation Book edited by Len Richmond and Gary Noguera. Ramparts, 1979. \$7.25.

By the same editors who brought us *The Gay Liberation Book* several years ago, we have here another collection of essays directed at gay men. Many of the contributors are big names in contemporary gay documentation: Paul Goodman, John Rechy, William Burroughs, Christopher Isherwood, Gore Vidal and Dr George Weinberg, who "give Witness" to the joy, the pain and above all the humanity of the gay experience. The variety of approaches and opinions echoes the diversity of gay people while the general tone suggests that this diversity is a major asset in the gay movement. The editors have ignored the criticisms of their first effort and have again failed to present any very radical stance or even represent women in the new collection. A safe beginning for someone just coming out perhaps — the work is supportive, even interesting in a middle-of-the-road way — but certainly narrow and of limited use.

— Stephen MacDonald

Frank Augustyn and Tomas Schramek



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Monitor

by Michael Lynch

S&M: Shall I compare thee to a battered wife?

Liquor advertising is so routine and dull. So when Brian Harrod and writer Alan Kazner sat down to come up with an ad for Triple Crown rye, they went for something fresh. Something unusual. Something forties, say, perhaps a little camp. But no, never something gay.

And thus "we conceived the idea together" of an ad campaign that includes "The cut-glass decanter in 304," shown here as it has appeared in weekend magazines across Canada for four months already.

Harrod, art director for McCann-Erickson Advertising of Canada, Ltd., was amazed when I suggested that the men surely appear to be queer. "That's so interesting," he said genially, "there are so many things you don't think of."

"There was no intention to go after the gay market. I wouldn't have imagined that rye, a reasonably priced one like Triple Crown at least, would be one that gay men would drink. Would they?"

The target audience of the ad, in fact, was "probably your biggest antagonist," Harrod went on, "the red-neck blue-collar guy in the Legion Hall. We wanted to talk to him with a strong image of a man's man. But we also were after a younger, more with-it audience by means of the ad's camp tone."

"It's just fascinating," he said when I spelled out just what seems gay about the men in 304. "I've been in the business for many years but this is the first time I've done a cult ad."

Would he recommend that Gilbey Canada, his client, place the ad in a gay newspaper? Given the fact of those Legion Hall drinkers, he thought, "that would be tricky."

And he really had no idea the men were cruising each other? None. "Several people have asked us if the guy in the raincoat is exposing himself to the other one." But that both of them are gay? "There are so many things you don't think of."

But then, he told me, advertisements are like Rorschach tests. "You'd probably have to be gay to read into it what you've read into it."

May be. I am. Now, I'm looking forward to reading something into another ad he told me about, from the same series. Seems there's this attractive, mustachioed, single fellow who lives alone at the Old Anderson Place, and....

Two elections ago, as I recall, the *Toronto Sun* described Pierre Elliott Trudeau as "gay," enjoying the word's ambiguity to scare the voters. Several months ago, the *Sun* editorially referred to Cape Breton MP Allan MacEachen as the "old maid of the Liberal Party." And now *Maclean's* gives us, on March 17, a cover story on MacEachen as "the reclusive Cape Breton bachelor." In the new, if that's what it is, Trudeau cabinet, MacEachen is the powerful Minister of Finance.

Now I don't know if PET is gay, or if MacEachen is an old maid, and that is not at issue here. What is at issue is the way the press uses ambiguity and in-

nuendo to suggest that a public figure is gay.

Within the first few paragraphs of the *Maclean's* story, writer Ian Anderson uses such language as "cruising," "enigmatic," "bachelor," "bent," "very private," "close friends," "recluse," and "a barrier you never cross." His opening anecdote refers to MacEachen's comment, while "cruising" the Outer Hebrides, "Isn't it fortunate that I love danger?"

Perhaps straight journalism is an ongoing Rorschach test, too. But I doubt it. Mail in your clippings that play this double-talk game about public figures, and we'll see if there's a pattern.

Brutality in gay S/M is shared fantasy, not reality. That's what Ken Popert theorized in last month's "Between The Lines."

Such a position may seem verified by the experience of many of us who are casually into S/M. But for the devotees, it has recently been argued, there is a real risk factor.

S/M apologist John Lee published a paper entitled "The Social Organization of Sexual Risk" in the February, 1979, *Alternative Lifestyles*. Based on interviews in the Toronto S/M subculture, he found that there were definite means of minimizing the risk of unsought violence. But that these means are by no means foolproof.

Of his 35 respondents, nine reported eleven incidents of physical harm requiring medical treatment. "The medical treatment ranged from a visit to a doctor for care of bruises to a week in the hospital for the slave who was re-

peatedly entered from the rear."

Lee stresses that his respondents do not constitute a representative sample, since we know so little about homosexuals that we cannot determine what is representative.

But he goes on to argue that eleven incidents of physical harm "clearly beyond that which the participant wanted to experience as part of sex play" may "not seem so fearful a ratio." The sentence which follows contains a statement no less amazing than the structure of the sentence itself. Read with care: "Considering that some physical suffering is readily facilitated and also actively sought during an S/M scenario, and that many of the encounters are among men who are strangers to each other — and therefore not readily held to account for their actions — a rate of injury of this magnitude does not compare entirely unfavorably with that estimated among married couples, where battered wives and battered husbands may not even have the pleasure of sexual arousal as a result of their physical pains."

If I understand that sentence, Lee is not only justifying the rate of injury by comparison to a heterosexual model, he's comparing it (with some pride?) what is the tone of "not unfavorably?" to wife-battering. Look, public, we can batter each other as well as married hets can — and get a sexual thrill from it besides!

That's the kind of argument that makes it difficult for those of us who want to defend S/M as different from spouse-battering. Perhaps we were wrong to try? □

"The cut-glass decanter in 304!"



A detective works crazy hours. The milkman and I... somnolent have nothing on us. So I picked this apartment for a couple of reasons. Personal reasons. It's close to the precinct. And it's quiet. So you can get some shut-eye. Day or night. Oh, yeah. And Nick, the super, lets me park out front. So I can move when I have to.

Anyway, it only takes me about a month to get a slant on most of the people in the building. Sometimes it's the plastic pen holder a guy's got in his shirt pocket that tells me he's an engineer of some kind. Sometimes it's the classy dress at 8:30 in the morning that tells me she's an executive secretary for one of those big wigs downtown.

But then there's the guy down the hall. In 304. Hard to figure. One day he's in a 300 dollar suit. And doesn't talk to no one. Real cool-hand Luke. Next time he's in Levi's and a suede jacket. And he's got everybody in the elevator in stitches. Well, one night I'm coming in off a case and I see him with his key in the door. He nods and then surprises me by inviting me in for a drink. Thirst and a healthy curiosity compels me to say "yes." When the lights go on I see a very nice apartment and an even nicer cut-glass decanter on his coffee table. He pours me a drink from the decanter. And one sip tells me it is a rye. And a very tasty one at that. We make small talk as I finish my drink. And I am not much the wiser for the experience.

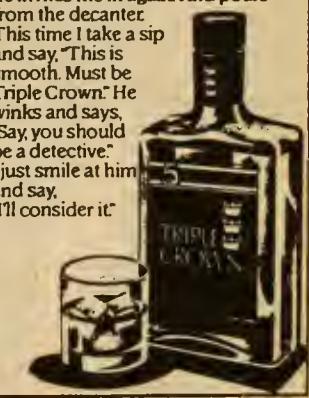
A week goes by and I spot him in the liquor store. He doesn't see me. So I bird-dog him in my best gumshoe style. And observe him making a single purchase of a bottle of Triple Crown Rye Whisky. As fate would have it, two nights later he invites me in again. And pours from the decanter.

This time I take a sip and say, "This is smooth. Must be Triple Crown." He winks and says,

"Say, you should be a detective."

I just smile at him and say,

"I'll consider it."

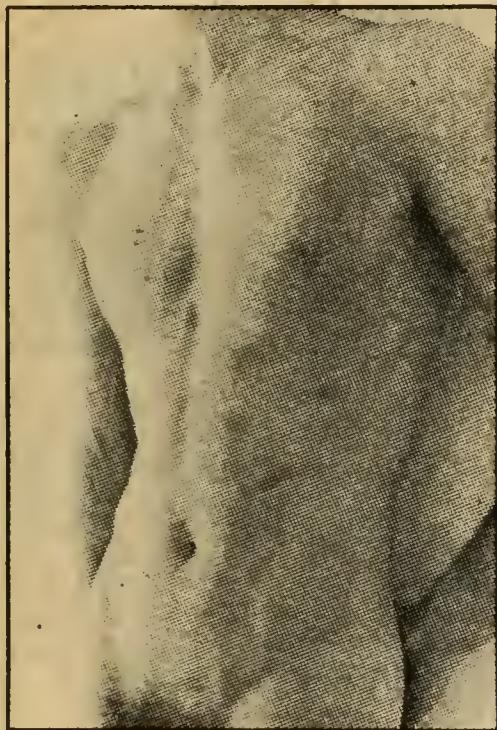


The Ivory Tunnel

Gay Small Press by Ian Young

Roundup time

The body adorning this month's column is borrowed from the front cover of Oswell Blakeston's new book of short poems, *Journeys End In Young Man's Meeting* (\$2, Little Caesar Press, 3373 Overland, Number 2, Los Angeles, CA 90034), a collection so good it levitates. The young man is photographed, front



and back, by Peter Warfield — a delightful bonus to one of the best bargains around!

As this is the month I've decided to clear the desk of piled up review copies, there will be no room, I'm afraid, for even the small reviews space here usually allows — just enough to give a mention and the publishers' addresses so you can order. Apologies to all, but the pile is large and I have to catch up some time.

First, two novels. *Don Juan or, The Continuum of the Libido* is a previously unpublished book, written in 1942 by the late Paul Goodman (and apparently put aside and forgotten); it's about "a systematic explorer and gratifier of the libido": \$5.75 from Black Sparrow Press, PO Box 3993, Santa Barbara, CA 93105. Dennis Dunn's *The Big Trucker* (\$5, Dancing Rock Press, 519 Castro, Box M47, San Francisco, CA 94114) includes an interesting impressionistic gay sex sequence.

New poetry: veteran Charles Henri Ford, co-author of the gay classic *The Young and Evil*, has a new collection, *Om Krishna I: Special Effects* (\$3.50, Cherry Valley Editions, Box 303, Cherry Valley, NY 13320). And the prolific Robert Peters's latest, with etchings by Carol Yeh, is *Hawthorne*, \$4, Red Hills Press, 6 San Gabriel Dr, Fairfax, CA 94930).

There have been numerous recent anthologies of women poets; now we have *Brother Songs: A Male Anthology of Poetry*, edited by Jim Pelman (\$3.50 paper, \$7.95 cloth, Holy Cow Press, Box 618, Minneapolis, MN 55440). The book contains work by 52 poets on "the notion of maleness and how males relate to each other." There are several gay poets, including Robert Peters and Paul Mariah. The find of the collection is James L White, a gay poet who has published three books but whose work I hadn't seen before. There are graphics

by Randall W Scholes.

Pan, a new magazine about man/boy love published in Holland, carries some very worthwhile articles and interviews as well as charming photos. It's \$5 an issue, \$20 for 5, from Spartacus, PO Box 3496, 1001 Ab Amsterdam, the Netherlands.

Sid Smith's latest book features drawings of adolescents in outdoor settings — with a science fiction touch. No price is indicated but you can write to the artist at 1502 President St, Brooklyn, NY 11213. Other publications are also available, including the fifth issue of *Dragonfly* magazine. Sid's publications are sure to become collectors' items in the future, so why not send \$5 or \$10 and see what comes.

Two writers with Welsh associations, John Cowper Powys and David Jones, have both had gay themes in their work. Jeremy Hooker's *John Cowper Powys and David Jones* (£2.55, Enitharmon Press, 22 Huntingdon Rd, East Finchley, London N2 9DU, England) is subtitled "a comparative study." Also from Enitharmon Press are *The Hollowed-Out Elder Stalk*, a study of John Cowper Powys's poetry by Roland Mathias (£2.85) and *Llewelyn Powys: An Essay* by Kenneth Hopkins (£2.55).

Paul Portugues's new study of Allen Ginsberg, *The Visionary Poetics of Allen Ginsberg* (11.95 cloth, \$4.95 paper, Ross-Erikson, 629 State St, Santa Barbara, CA 93101), focuses on the spiritual concerns which have always been central to the poet's work (and which are largely ignored in Robert K Martin's recent study of homosexual American poetry).

Mohamed Choukri, who chronicled Jean Genet in Tangier, has now recorded Tennessee Williams' visit there as well. *Tennessee Williams in Tangier*, translated by Paul Bowles, is published by Cadmus Editions, PO Box 4725, Santa Barbara, CA 93103, in a very attractive paperback edition with a fine frontispiece drawing by J Byrd Patterson. No price is given.

The Creative Writer in the Twentieth Century is the text of a 1948 lecture by the novelist John Horne Burns, who died in Italy five years later. It's by turns tart, optimistic and contradictory. It's available (probably for about \$2) from Manifest Destiny Press, Box 57, Dorchester Center Stn, Dorchester MA 02124.

Trade Enquiries is a series of nine collages on gay-related themes by David McDiarmid, an Australian artist now living in New York. The nine prints, with folio, are published in an edition of 200, signed and numbered by the artist: \$30 each from Trade Enquiries, 373 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10014.

Finally, Hal Fischer's *Gay Semiotics: A Photographic Study of Visual Coding Among Homosexual Men* offers a rudimentary exposition of gay signals such as keys and coloured hankies, "media images" and S/M scenarios. The models are attractive but the book as a whole is sketchy and undeveloped, and sometimes rather irritatingly twee. It's \$6.95 from NFS Press, PO Box 31040, San Francisco, CA 94131. □

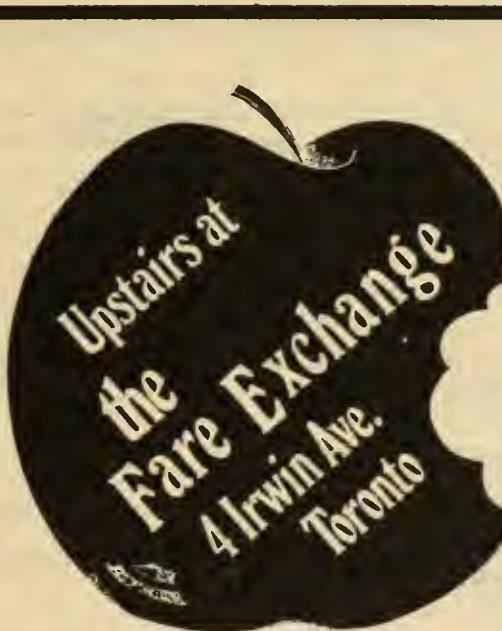
"What about the festival this year?"*

* This year Gwen Avery, Meg Christian, Maxine Feldman, Robin Flower, Terry Garthwaite, Julie Homi, Carol McDonald & Isis, Holly Near, Robin Tyler, Nancy Vogl, and Mary Watkins will be at the National Women's Music Festival, May 29th thru June 1st, will you?

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Contributions gratefully accepted. Make cheques payable to The George Hislop Campaign.

Classifieds

FRIENDS ↗

Guelph

MARRIED WOMAN, aged 26, having difficult time coming out, seeks letters of understanding and encouragement. I am mother of one. Drawer B821.

Montreal

MONTREAL, ATTRACTIVE, SINCERE, female, 26, enjoys sports, cars, music, and life. Seeks similar attractive female for lasting friendship. Please enclose photo. Drawer B831.

INVEST 17¢ IN US! Warm, loving bi-woman seeks sisters to share the gay experience. Sincerity and discretion assured. Bilingual. A photo would be nice. Drawer B810.

Toronto

GAY WOMAN, 24, STRUGGLING musician, wishes to meet woman, secure, preferably 25 to 35 yrs old. I enjoy dining out, movies, theatre, sunsets and anything else NOT available in your local bar scene. I am a Gemini and have a desire to meet some 'new' people. Drawer B820.

LESBIAN FEMINIST S&M support group has published 45-page booklet including articles on theory and politics, personal experience, reading list. \$3.00 plain wrapper. Samois no. 2, PO Box 2364, Berkeley, CA. 94702. Free hanky color code card for lesbians included.

FRIENDS ↗

International

BUFFALO: RUNNER SEEKS TALL GUYS (20-30) who wrestle, work out in jockey shorts. Dig Levis, work boots, reply, photo optional, to: Drawer B833.

Atlantic Canada

GAY MALE, PROFESSIONAL, early 30s, 5'9", 150 lbs, very interested in leather and those who wear it. Very versatile, welcome all replies from anywhere. Drawer B787.

British Columbia

28-YEAR-OLD MALE high school teacher living in the Lower Mainland wishes to meet others interested in hiking, backpacking, and/or summer travel. Three films I've thoroughly enjoyed are Dersu Uzala, Barry Lyndon, and Rocky. Drawer B834.

VICTORIA — GAY, MALE, 30, 6'1", 160 lbs, brown hair, eyes, moustache, masculine, well-built, sexy, interested in meeting masculine guys for friendship, companionship, hiking, camping, travel, varied and imaginative sex, possible relationship. I am strong, weak, assertive, submissive, experienced, inexperienced, opinionated, rash, reflective, affectionate, reliable, honest, moody, have sense of humour and appreciate same in others. Let's fulfill some fantasies together. All letters answered. Absolute discretion assured. Drawer B779.

Manitoba

W/M 29, WHO CAN'T AFFORD TO leave town every weekend, looking for men into leather scene. Write with phone number to Drawer B798.

Montreal

A GOOD OLD SPANNING could be an interesting experience for both of us. Try me. Am masc, 33, 5'8", 140. Drawer B829.

Northern Ontario

NORTHERN ONTARIO MALE LOOKING for other Northern Ontario males in Hearst-Kapuskasing area. I am 30, 5'8" with blue eyes and brown curly hair, 170 lbs. Drawer B842.

Eastern Ontario

PORT HOPE, PROFESSIONAL GAY WHITE MALE, 32, 5'10", 155 lbs, considered good looking. I have a wide range of interests, enjoy the outdoors and am a ski nut. I am looking for a masculine gay friend to love. Clean/discreet. Drawer B840.

GOOD-LOOKING PROFESSIONAL WHITE MALE, 35, masculine build, considerate, intelligent, outgoing, seeks com-

patible, well-built, masculine Black male, similar age. Must be mature, discreet, understanding, not into disco scene. Long-term relationship/friendship desired. Drawer B825.

Southwestern Ontario

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 38, 5'7", gentle, affectionate, seeks intelligent, sincere, young man in London area for companionship. Interests should include art, rock, music, tennis. Would prefer young art student, but all replies welcome. Discretion assured and expected. Drawer B836.

MALE, 35, CLEANCUT, HUSKY, HAIRY, into jeans and work shirts, seeks masculine buddies to share indoor and outdoor fun. Bud, Post Box 7092, Station E, London, Ontario.

Toronto

WHITE MALE would like to meet Blacks for friendship and good times. Love music, theatre, dancing, travel and sexy men. Drawer B790.

24-YEAR-OLD-JOCK, 5'11", 170 lbs, brown hair, eyes, university hockey and football player. Looking for 21-27 year old who's also into music, sports, movies and quiet times. Will answer all serious replies. Write drawer B788.

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AFFLUENT, GENEROUS, PROFESSIONAL, seeks needy, deserving young man to play role of Antinous to his Hadrian. If worthy, you will find relationship satisfying to both players. Full details to drawer B778.

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR OLD MALE, brown hair, hazel eyes, looking for love, sex and companionship from attractive male to 30s. Drawer B767.

GAY WHITE MALE, Pisces, masculine, educated, would like to meet African or American Black male for friendship or possible relationship. Drawer B797.

GAY MALE who enjoys good wine would like to meet other wine-lovers with view to organizing monthly tasting sessions. Drawer B759.

A NATURAL SPIRIT, (anguished modern mind, body of vitality) 30, seeks young man to appreciate. Box 6181, Stn A, Toronto M5W 1P6.

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AFFECTIONATE LONELY GAY MALE seeks someone for a lasting relationship. I am 37, 6', 170 lbs considered attractive, masculine, sincere, honest and not interested in bars, baths or one-night stands. If you are under 25, masculine, slim, clean shaven, sincere and relationship seeking, please reply with details and phone number. Photo appreciated. PO Box 142, Islington, Ontario M9A 4X1.

SLENDER MALE, 27, 6'2", almond complexion, curly hair, desires other night hawks for late night chats or meeting. Please give phone no. and best time during afternoon or late night to contact. Scooter, PO Box 6351, Stn A, Toronto, ONT.

WANTED: REASONABLY PROFICIENT tennis partner. Weekends or weekdays. Downtown area. Call Dan at 968-2927.

MASCULINE GUY, GOOD SOLID BODY, 29, seeks good-looking muscular guys who also like movies, theatre and music as well as quiet times and thoughtful conversation. Please reply with phone and photo. Drawer B826.

GERMAN MASCULINE MALE, 30, 6'1", 160 lbs, good build comes for holiday to Canada, seeks friendship. Answer guaranteed. Drawer B824.

MALE, 29, SEEKS one man (prefer married) close encounter late 30s-40s for afternoons. Discretion assured. Photo, letter and arrangement appreciated. Own apt downtown. Good listener and am understanding of needs and desires. Drawer B822.

PREVIOUSLY STRAIGHT STUDENT, 24, seeks sincere, sensitive, intellectual gay, under 30, for friendship and, hopefully, relationship. Drawer B819.

SKINNY GUY, 26, 1.75 m, 50 kilos, blond, grey eyes, 'into' food, health, new-wave and other muses, wines, sci, lit, writing, Katz, kids, careers, friends, lover. Drawer B817.

MASCULINE MALE seeks a one to one relationship with another sincere honest male 25 to 45. Have own home. Like the outdoors and quiet home life. Don't go for the downtown bar scene. I'm 5'8", 149, 55. Reliable caring nature. Drawer B816.

MASCULINE GUY, 23, brown haired, bearded, sincere, easy-going, straight-looking and acting, white and down to earth seeks buddy. Looking for somebody with same qualities (masculine included), and/or if the gay scene has turned you off and you're frustrated, alone or if you feel like writing to someone please write me. Pen-pals welcome, any age, race, scene or marital status. Discretion assured. Drawer B815.

MASCULINE WHITE MALE, 23 years, with strong interest in all types of leather boots. Seeks older uniformed type masculine man for

TBP CLASSIFIEDS

Need a roommate? Looking for a sex partner? Got something to sell, trade or exchange? Bored with your boa? *TBP* classifieds can find you a new home, a hot night, a job, a house cleaner, a replacement for that tedious reptile — just about anything. Use your imagination — if we don't have the category to cover your needs, think up a new one and we'll use it.

What you say is up to you, but be positive about yourself rather than negative about others. Phrases like "no fats or fems," or "no Blacks" are insulting. *TBP* does not print insults.

Restrictions? A few — not ours, but the Criminal Code's. It is illegal to have sex with anyone of the same sex under the age of 21, to have sex with more than one person at a time regardless of their ages, or to solicit for the purposes of prostitution. Word your ad accordingly — we reserve the right to alter or refuse any ad.

Answering? If you want replies directly, you'll have to put your address or phone number in your ad. If you want more privacy, we'll assign your ad a drawer number, collect the replies, and forward them to you once a week. The charge for this forwarding service is two dollars per ad per issue.

Answering someone else's ad is easy too. Just put your reply in an envelope, and address it as in the diagram at right. Office staff do not open any mail with a drawer number on the envelope. Your unopened letter will be forwarded within the week.

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\$7.20	\$7.40	\$7.60	\$7.80	\$8.00
\$8.20	\$8.40	\$8.60	\$8.80	\$9.00
\$9.20	\$9.40	\$9.60	\$9.80	\$10.00
\$10.20	\$10.40	\$10.60	\$10.80	\$11.00
\$11.20	\$11.40	\$11.60	\$11.80	\$12.00
\$12.20	\$12.40	\$12.60	\$12.80	\$13.00
\$13.20	\$13.40	\$13.60	\$13.80	\$14.00
\$14.20	\$14.40	\$14.60	\$14.80	\$15.00

Business ads: multiply above amounts (if over \$4) by three. Minimum charge for businesses is \$6. If more space is needed, use a separate sheet and charge 20¢/word; 60¢/word for businesses.

Ad to run in _____ section for _____ issues.

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Deadline for the May issue: Wednesday, April 9.

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Almost 100 years after universal acceptance of the germ theory of disease, it is appalling that every individual is still not being taught the significance of the role of personal hygiene in the prevention of sexually transmitted diseases. All VD Prevention programs must emphasize personal hygiene principles which should be taught from the beginning of adolescence in every health and sex education course. Past efforts to treat VD out of existence have failed; therefore, we must use all available methods of PREVENTION, in conjunction with treatment, to combat the present VD epidemic. Here are some highlights from our widely acclaimed booklet.

THE NEW VENEREAL DISEASE PREVENTION FOR EVERYONE

Personal Hygiene is Significant to VD PREVENTION and Good Health

PAGE 2: THE SEXUALLY ACTIVE MALE

Careful washing after sex will reduce the possibility of catching VD. The germs that cause syphilis and gonorrhea, as well as some other sexually transmitted diseases, are sensitive to soap and water. Wash before sex for hygienic purposes.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER INTERCOURSE:

Soap genitals working a bit of soft mushy soap into urinary opening.

Rinse.

Repeat procedure.

Then urinate (which may sting).

Extended exposure or delay before washing diminishes the effectiveness of this preventative measure. Washing is doubly important since even in the absence of syphilis and gonorrhea, other sexually transmitted germs can cause infections such as NGU (non-gonococcal urethritis) or NSU (non-specific urethritis).

If lubricants are involved in the sex act, use water-soluble preparations that will wash away. Do not use an oil base that will leave a film to trap the germs.

NOTE: The foreskin that covers the head of the penis may trap germs which can cause infections. Therefore, special attention should be given to washing the uncircumcised penis.

When vaccines against gonorrhea and syphilis will have been developed, personal hygiene will remain necessary to prevent other sexually transmitted diseases. For example: A gonorrhea vaccine will not prevent approximately half of the reported cases of male urethritis which are not gonorrhea.

Page 3: SOME ASPECTS OF PERSONAL HYGIENE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Infectious germs which are commonly found in the lower digestive tract may be transmitted from the rectum during certain sex activities. Among the dangerous germs present may be the virus which causes hepatitis, and parasites which cause gastro-intestinal disorders if they enter the mouth (anal-oral route).

The mucous membranes of the genito-urinary system are highly susceptible to infection by some of these germs from the rectum. For example: as a result of careless wiping from rectum towards vagina by the female after toilet, germs are easily spread to the vagina where they may cause infections, and from which may be transmitted during vaginal, as well as rectal, intercourse. Therefore, females must not wipe in the direction of rectum to vagina...

Personal hygiene before and after sex can be greatly aided by the bidet, a low bathroom fixture, designed to facilitate washing for disease prevention and proper cleansing after toilet. Not everyone, unfortunately, has been adequately informed as to the advantages of the bidet; it is not found, for instance, in homes or hotels in the United States, whereas in many parts of the world it is widely used and significant to personal hygiene. Good hygiene requires careful washing of genital and rectal areas before and after sex.

* * *

Men and Women: In our booklet learn also about —

The significance during treatment of no sex contact which may spread the disease, and particularly during treatment for urethritis, no alcohol which may irritate the GU system, delaying cure. The importance of a follow-up visit to the physician to see if further treatment is required.

For the sexually active male — the commercially available germicidal preparation (Sanitube) for use after intercourse to prevent gonorrhea and syphilis.

For the sexually active female — certain commercially available vaginal contraceptive foams, creams, suppositories, and jellies, which also have germicidal properties that may prevent VD.

Send your tax-deductible (for US citizens only) contribution for a copy (quantities available). We need your support. Learn these facts. Help us distribute these booklets and educate the public.

**AMERICAN FOUNDATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF VD,
INC.**
335 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, NY 10013

discreet meetings. Will answer all with great respect. Incl. photo if possible. Drawer B814.

IN PRAISE OF OLDER MEN. Masculine professional, 42, 6', 195, quiet, affectionate, intelligent, fond of travel, the arts and open to new interests seeks someone who can praise a plump, dull but comfortable, plain-looking individual to raise his spirits. Drawer B813.

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WHILE I ALREADY HAVE a fairly wide social circle, I would like to meet some more friends. Prefer mature individualists with varied interests and sense of humour. Me? Torontonian, 29, interests include good conversation, socializing, theatre, tennis, etc. Drawer B811.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, 36 year old male seeking to find friendship with another. Intrinsic qualities such as: honesty and sensitivity are more important and satisfying than extrinsic features which are easily found. My interests include: movies, theatre, swimming, walking, reading and quiet times with someone close. If you are between 25 and 40 with similar interests, reply. What have you got to lose? Drawer B809.

I AM 6'1", 175 lbs. I am very muscular, would like to meet the same. Please write B804.

I LIKE A LITTLE COMPETITION. I like playing chess and would like to try some weight lifting. If any of the above interests you, please let's meet. Drawer B803.

SLAVE FULLY TRAINED to satisfy dominant master. No limits, expect scat. Photo, phone gets quick reply. Drawer B802.

CANOE-TRIPPING? BACKPACKING? Wilderness camping? I love Nature (all seasons) and seek gay or bi companions who share this love. ME: experienced camper (canoe & trail). Friendly, honest, humorous, well-educated, thoughtful, caring, discreet, young, athletic 6'2", 185 lbs, said to be handsome. 'Closely' because of my profession. My present camping friends all straight. I can't feel 100% 'natural' with them. Other interests: literature, writing, films, travel, sports. Mostly friends and responsible job. People fascinate me. YOU: Real interest in natural beauty and friendship. Hopefully, some camping experience. 18-25, fit, companionable, sincere. If younger or 'impoverished student,' I can help with camping gear, etc. Day trips? Weekends? Longer trips during July and August? West coast by camper? Not necessarily for relationship, but for good open outdoor companionship. Let's get together! Write me. All answered, Jay. Drawer B837.

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BOY OF THE 80s. Born in the 50s. Slim, good-looking, fresh, quick, completely fascinating. That's both of us. Drawer B827.

25 YEAR OLD GAY; heterosexually married, male wishes to meet other gay married men to 30 for good times. Photo please. Discretion assured and required. Drawer B828.

GOOD LOOKING STUDENT, 22, 5'5", red hair, athletic body. Varied interests including music, sports, movies, photography, partying, quiet times, and a sense of humour. Seeking friendship or relationship with guys my age. Please reply with photo and/or descriptive letter. Drawer B830.

A 17¢ INVESTMENT will get you a reply from a 28 year old male who is interested in friendship. Discretion assured. Reply: Brian, Box 273, Station F, Toronto, M4Y 2L7.

SLIM, QUIET, BROADMINDED 5'10", 43, seeks refined, broadminded, masculine male for occasional meaningful meetings. Photo welcome. Box 266, Don Mills, ON M3C 2S2.

DO YOU PLAY BRIDGE? Why not join me and my friends for the occasional game in a relaxed social setting? Drawer B835.

DO YOU ENJOY the finer things in life as I do? Theatres, dining, flea markets, the country, travelling, possibly even flying or nude sunbathing etc. I don't like the bars or baths and I do have a lot to offer. Spring and summer can be a beautiful time to share. I'm successful, 36 years old, 6'1" tall, 172 lbs, considered good-looking. If you are handsome, slim, straight in appearance, under age 30 approximately, who is of similar mind, please reply. Drawer B838.

I TURN HEADS IN BARS but turned off by bars! Attractive, truly sincere, career oriented proud gay male seeks same to share love and life. Prefer 25-35 clean shaven blondes or dark hair and moustache — no kinky stuff. Tell me about yourself and include photo for reply. Drawer B841.

LATIN AMERICAN 22 year old. Passive male, 5'4", 120 lbs. Would like to meet active masculine man (25-40). Photograph and telephone no. appreciated. Drawer B808.

HOMES Kitchener

MEN OR WOMEN to share large, older vegetarian home on quiet tree-lined street, close to downtown. Features: own bedroom, 3 baths, broadloom, washer, garden, parking. \$100/mo. Plus share expenses. Act now. Call Joe or Wayne, (519) 579-3325.

COMFORTABLE ACCOMMODATION near campus for young University of Waterloo student available Summer or Fall Terms, with active middle-aged professional. An out-of-town freshman could find this a great way to start. Drawer B818.

Halifax

FRIENDLY, SINCERE ROOMMATE WANTED. Attractive, white male, 38, has handsome two storey apartment in the South end to share, no strings attached. Must be honest, clean and self-supporting. Rent \$225.00 p mo. Sincere replies only. Call Bob 422-7235.

Toronto

SHARED HOUSE HAS ROOM available May 1 for financially stable, mature, non-tobacco smoking man. Home includes large park, shaggy dog and cat. \$125 per month. 535-1537.

CABBAGETOWN GAY CO-OP has 3 large rooms available. Partially furnished. Laundry, fireplace, new bathroom. \$135/\$135/\$150/mo. 364-6731 or 961-4161.

PENTHOUSE, BLOOR SUBWAY, Victoria Park, 18-min to town, uninhibited male to share 2-bd apt. available June 1, own room, colour TV, cable, spectacular 20-mi view. \$160 month incl. rec centre use, utilities, 698-3869 after 5 or wknds.

FURNISHED ROOMS: Attractive 3rd floor rooms available 15 Mar/80 in well-kept, owner-occupied Victorian home for quiet, responsible persons. South room is 16x10 at \$40/wk and includes a 25x14 walkout; north room is 16x12 at \$45/wk. Both rooms are carpeted, furnished (including linens) each with private fridge, sink and cooking facilities. Share recently renovated bathroom and separate shower. References and deposit required. Call Linda or Dave at 861-2926 days or 924-0863 nites.

ONE OR TWO HONEST, clean, self-supporting male(s) to share three bedroom, two bathroom apt. with another male in his early 50s, beginning May 15. Sheppard-Yonge. Drawer B839.

FAMILY OF TWO professional men and two declawed cats require two bedroom apartment in Toronto for June 1st. Serious landlords call Gerry in Ottawa at 613-235-2278.

SPADINA/COLLEGE, room, share kitchen, quiet house, good for young student. Box 6181, Stn A, TOR M5W 1P6.

I AM IN MY EARLY TWENTIES and looking for a self-supportive clean music loving roommate to share a flat or apt. in central Toronto. Campanionship, quietness and stability are priorities. Drawer B801.

MATURE GENTLEMAN SEEKS young man to share centrally located, super townhouse. Musts: good sense of humour, love good music, be ethical and considerate, non-smoker. Most reasonable rent can be arranged. Ideal for student. Drawer B805.

READING

SAVE 10-35% ON ANY BOOK IN PRINT! Save up to 80% on selected titles. Write for FREE BROCHURE. ABC, PO Box 1507/BP4, Kingston, Canada K7L 5C7.

LETTERS

Inmate doing a lot of time and would like to write to any and all that would like to help my time go easier. Paul J. Glock, no. 152-073, Box 69, London, Ohio, 43140.

W/M, 19, light brown hair, 5'8", blue eyes, 135 lbs. Seeking lasting relationship. Will answer all. Write to Bennie Jackie Baykin, no. 037864, PO Box 747, Starke, FL, 32091.

MESSAGES

GREG, WHY DON'T YOU meet me at Tiverton's for Sunday Brunch? 580 Parliament St., just south of Wellesley. Tony.

MICROFILM WORKER. DAN, with long, blond, curly hair, please call Richard at 535-9518 regarding an important matter. Strictly business.

REPLIES WANTED from young guys into socks, shorts, sneakers and jocks. Young jock waiting for your offer of trade or sale. Send photo. Drawer B823.

DEEP THROAT. Very interesting. I'm sure we'll have to give Roy or Bill a call some day, and numbers are certainly useful. Anything else you might care to send would earn collective gratitude. Nice to know we have friends in high places.

SERVICES

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CORRESPOND IN PRIVATE/use our address or phone for private or business. Not PO Box. Mail forwarding on collection strictly confidential. (416) 465-0821 anytime.

TRAVEL

ON LEAVE FROM August, 1980 to July, 1981. Gentleman, 42, seeks intelligent, sensitive travel-mate to share expenses on several longer trips. I also desire to hear from others who can offer advice and information on recent travel. Drawer B812.

KEY WEST — It's forever summer on the AMERICAN MANANA ISLAND. Call toll-free 800-327-9191 ext. 499, or write Key West Business Guild, PO Box 1208-C, Key West, Florida 33040 for our new directory and map.

WORK

GAY VETERINARIAN preferred for small animal practice in western Canadian city. Drawer B807

COOK TO ASSIST CHEF, French cuisine, day position, downtown Toronto. Please write giving experience to Drawer B832.

HANDSOME STUDENT, 5'8", 140 lbs, blond, seeking part time/full time, weekend and/or summer job. Hard worker. All jobs considered. Drawer B806.

ATTRACTIVE, HONEST, RELIABLE male seeking work. Blonde, 23, friendly, likes working with people. Experienced men's clothing salesman. Good typist. Open to a variety of jobs. References available. Call Marc 491-1801.

PART TIME EMPLOYMENT. EARN extra money at home! No experience necessary! Details, send self-addressed stamped envelope. Employment, Box 1016, Hamilton, Ontario, L8N 3R1.

LIBRAIRIE L'ANDROGYNE BOOKSTORE

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Community Page

The Community Page is a listing of lesbian and gay groups in Canada and Quebec which primarily direct themselves toward alleviating or struggling against gay oppression. It includes: democratically constituted organizations, cooperatively run clubs and community centres, bookstores which sell gay and feminist literature, and non-profit gay periodicals.

Organizations wishing a listing, or a revision of information presently listed, should contact: The Body Politic Community Page, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9.

ALBERTA

Calgary

- Dignity/Calgary, Box 1492, Stn T, T2H 2H7. Ph: (403) 238-1031.
- Gay Academic Union, Box G-262, Stn G, T3A 2G2.
- Gay Information and Resources Calgary (GIRC), Old Y Bldg, Suites 319-321, 223 12 Ave SW, T2P 0G9. Ph: (403) 264-3911. Information and counselling Mon-Fri, 7-10 pm. Socials, discussion groups, newspaper, gay rights action. Mailing address: Box 2715, Stn M, T2P 3C1.
- Gay Youth Calgary, Box 1133, Stn M, T2P 2K9. Meets Thurs, 8 pm, Rm 319, 223 12 Ave SW.
- Lesbian Friendship, Box 6093, Stn A. Ph: (403) 238-0140, evenings.
- Metropolitan Community Church, Box 6945, Stn D, T2P 2G2. Ph: (403) 252-8727. Services Sundays at 11:30 am at Backlot Theatre.
- Parents of Gays and Lesbians, c/o GIRC, Box 2715, Stn M, T2P 3C1. Ph: (403) 252-8727.
- Womyn's Collective, c/o GIRC, Box 2715, Stn M, T2P 3C1. Ph: (403) 255-8437.

Edmonton

- Dignity/Edmonton, Box 53, T5J 2G9.
- Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE), Box 1852, T5J 2P2. Office: 10173-104 St. Ph: (403) 424-8361.
- Metropolitan Community Church, Box 1312, T5J 2M8. Ph: (403) 482-4213.

Lethbridge

- Lethbridge Gay Community Centre, c/o GIRC, Box 2715, Stn M, Calgary, AB T2P 3C1

Medicine Hat

- Medicine Hat Gay Community Centre, c/o GIRC, Box 2715, Stn M, Calgary, AB T2P 3C1.

Red Deer

- Gay Association of Red Deer (GARD), Box 356, T4N 5E9.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Nelson

- The gay group here can be contacted by writing: Woodland, Box 326, Nelson, V1L 5R2.

Prince George

- The gay group in this city can be contacted through the Prince George Crisis Centre, 1306-7th Ave. Ph: (604) 563-1214.

Vancouver

- Coming Out (Gay Radio), c/o Vancouver Cooperative Radio, 337 Carrall St, V6B 2J4. Thurs at 6:30 pm, 102.7 MHz FM.
- Dignity/Vancouver, Box 3016, V6B 3X5. Ph: (604) 524-1657.
- Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE), Box 1463, Stn A, V6C 2P7. Ph: (604) 683-3832.
- Gay People of Simon Fraser, c/o Student Society, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby V5A 1S6. Ph: (604) 291-3181 or 291-3111.
- Gay People of UBC, Box 9, Student Union Bldg, University of British Columbia, V6T 1W5. Ph: (604) 228-6781.
- Integrity: Gay Anglicans and their friends, Box 34161, Stn. D, V6J 4N1.
- The Lesbian Show, Co-op Radio, 337 Carrall St, V6B 2J4. 102.7 MHz FM, Thurs at 7:30 pm.
- SEARCH Community Services, 28-448 Seymour St, V6B 3H1. Ph: (604) 689-1039.
- SEARCH Youth Group, c/o SEARCH, 28-448 Seymour St, V6B 3H1.
- Society for Education, Action, Research and Counselling in Homosexuality (SEARCH), Box 48903, Bentall Centre, V7X 1A8.
- Society for Political Action for Gay People (SPAG), Box 2631, Main PO, V6B 3W8. Ph: (604) 876-2674.
- Vancouver Gay Community Centre (VGCC), Box 2259, MPO, V6B 3W2

Victoria

- Feminist Lesbian Action Group (FLAG), Box 237, Stn. E, V8W 2M6.
- Gay Information Line, Ph: (604) 386-6323, 24 hrs a day.
- Gay Men's Discussion Group, meets every second Wed. Call Gay Information Line for time and place.

- University of Victoria Gay Focus, Student Union Bldg, U of Victoria, Box 1700, V8W 2Y2.
- WAVES, Rights of Lesbians Subcommittee, Box 237, Stn E, V8W 2M6.

MANITOBA

Brandon

- Gay Friends of Brandon, Box 492, R7A 5Z4. Ph: (204) 725-4386.

Winnipeg

- Bethany: Families of Gays, Box 27, UMSU, Univ of Manitoba, R3T 2N2. Ph: (204) 743-4549.
- Conacil on Homosexuality and Religion, Box 1912, R3C 3R2.
- Dignity/Winnipeg, Box 1912, R3C 3R2.
- Gays for Equality, Box 27, UMSU, Univ of Manitoba, R3T 2N2. Ph: (204) 269-8678.
- Manitoba Physicians for Homosexual Understanding, Box 3911, Stn B, R2W 5H9.
- Project Lambda, Inc, gay community services, Box 3911, Stn B, R2W 5H9.
- Winnipeg Gay Youth, Box 27, UMSU, Univ of Manitoba, R3T 2N2. Ph: (204) 269-8678.
- Wianipek Lesbian Society, 730 Alexander St. Ph: (204) 786-4581.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Fredericton

- Fredericton Lesbians and Gays (FLAG), Box 1556, Stn A.

Western NB

- Aroostook Lambda, Box 990, Caribou, Maine 04736 USA. Serving Western NB and Northern Maine.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Corner Brook

- Community Homophile Association of Newfoundland (CHAN), Box 905, A2H 6J2.

St. John's

- Community Homophile Association of Newfoundland (CHAN), Box 613, Stn C, A1C 5K8.

NOVA SCOTIA

Halifax

- The Alterate Bookshop, 1588 Barrington St, 2nd flr. Mailing address: Box 276, Stn M, B3J 2N7.
- Gay Alliance for Equality Inc (GAE), Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Stn, B3J 3K6. Ph: (902) 429-4294. Gay helpline (information, referrals and peer counselling): (902) 429-6969, Thurs, Fri and Sat, 7-10 pm.
- Gays and Lesbians at Dalhousie (GLAD), c/o SUB (Student Union Building), Dalhousie University.
- Sparrow of Atlantic Canada, Gay Christians, meet every Sunday at 8 pm, at the Universalist Unitarian Church, 5500 Inglis St. Mailing address: Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Stn, B3J 3K6. Sparrow coffeehouse: every second Sunday at The Turret. Call Gayline (429-6969) or GAE (429-4294) or The Turret (423-6814) for dates and times.
- The Turret Gay Community Centre, 1588 Barrington St. Ph: (902) 423-6814. Mailing address: Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Stn, B3J 3K6.

Wolfville

- Gays, Box 1297, BOP 1X0.

ONTARIO

Collingwood

- Gay Information Centre, Box 310.

Georgetown

- Georgetown Gay Friends, Box 223. Ph: (416) 877-5524.

Guelph

- Guelph Gay Equality, Box 773, NIH 6L8. Gayline: (519) 836-4550, 24 hrs.
- Guelph Gay Youth Group, Info: (519) 836-4550. Mon, Wed and Thurs, 8-10 pm.

Hamilton

- McMaster Homophile Association, Box 44, Stn B, Gayline: (416) 523-7055, Thurs, Fri and Sat.

Kingston

- Queen's Women's Centre, 51 Queen's Crescent, Queen's University, K7L 2S7. Ph: (613) 542-5226.
- Queen's Homophile Association, Student Affairs Centre, 51 Queen's Crescent, Queen's University, K7L 2S7. Ph: (613) 547-2836.

Kitchener/Waterloo

- Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Transsexuals (FACT), Box 1497, Stn C, Kitchener N2G 4P2.
- Gay AA, Ph: (519) 742-6183.
- Gay News and Views, radio programme, Tues and Wed, 6:15 pm, CKMS-FM, 94.5 MHz, 105.7 MHz cable.
- Gay Rights Organization of Waterloo, Box 2632, Stn B, Kitchener N2H 6N2.
- G.R.O.W., Box 2782, Stn B, Kitchener N2H 6N3.
- Kitchener/Waterloo Gay Media Collective, Box 2741, Stn B, Kitchener N2H 6N3.
- Kitchener-Waterloo Gay Youth, Box 753, Stn C, Kitchener N2G 4C5.
- Leaping Lesbians, radio programme, Thurs, 6 to 8 pm, CKMS-FM, 94.5 MHz, 105.7 MHz cable.
- Lesbian Organization of Kitchener (LOOK), Box 2531, Stn B, Kitchener N2H 6N3.
- Waterloo Universities' Gay Liberation Movement, Federation of Students, Univ of Waterloo, Waterloo N2L 3G1. Ph: (519) 885-1211, ext 2372.
- Young Men's Athletic Club, Box 2041, Stn B, Kitchener. Ph: (519) 579-1505. Licensed dances every two weeks, 1st and 3rd Fri of each month. Phone for location.

London

- Gayline, Ph: (519) 679-6423. Info 24 hrs/day. Peer counselling Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 7-11 pm.
- Homophile Association of London, Ontario (HALO), 649 Colborne St, N6A 3Z2. Ph: (519) 433-3762.
- Western Gay Association, c/o University Community Centre, University of Western Ontario. Ph: (519) 679-6423.

Mississauga/Brampton

- GEM, Box 62, Brampton L6V 2K7.
- Gayline West, Ph: (416) 274-5068. Peer Counselling telephone service.

Niagara Region

- Gayline, Ph: (416) 354-3173.
- Gay Unity Niagara, Box 692, Niagara Falls L2E 6V5.

Ottawa

- Dignity/Ottawa, Box 2102, Stn D, K1P 5W3.
- Dykes and Fags (Carleton University Gay People). For more information call (613) 238-1717.
- Gays of Ottawa/Gais de l'Outaouais, Box 2919, Stn D, K1P 5W9. GO Centre: 175 Lisgar St. Gayline: (613) 238-1717. Office: (613) 233-0152.
- Gay Youth Ottawa/Hull/Jeunesse Gaie(e) d'Ottawa/Hull may be contacted at the same address and phone number as Gays of Ottawa. Meetings/drop-ins, Wed, 8 pm, 175 Lisgar St.
- Integrity: Gay Anglicans and their friends, St George's Anglican Church, 152 Metcalfe St, K2P 1N9. Ph: (613) 235-1636. Meeting and Eucharist every second Wed (2nd and 4th Weds of month), 7:30 pm, at St George's Church.
- Lesbieanes et gais du campus/Lesbians and Gays on Campus, c/o SFUO, 85 rue Haste Street, KIN 6N5.
- Metropolitan Community Church, Box 868, Stn B, K1P 5T1. Ph: (613) 741-0783.

Peterborough

- Trent Homophile Association, Box 1524, K9J 7H7. Office: 262 Rubidge St, Rm 203. Ph: (705) 742-6229, Wed, 7:30-9:30 pm, Thurs, 7:30-9:30 pm.

Thunder Bay

- Northern Women's Centre, 316 Bay St, P7B 1S1. Ph: (807) 345-7802.

Toronto

- Association of Gay Electors (AGE), 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.
- Association of Gays in the Media (AGM), 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.
- Association of Gay Social Services Workers, Box 182, Stn O, M4A 2N3.
- Catalyst Press, 315 Blantyre Ave, Scarborough, M1N 2S6.
- Congregation B'Nai Kehillah of Toronto for Gay Jews, c/o Blankstein Design Inc, 200 Adelaide St West, M5H 1W7. Ph: (416) 977-0052, 9 am-5 pm.
- Dignity for Gay and Lesbian Catholics, Box 249, Stn E, M6H 4E2. Ph: (416) 960-3997.
- Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (FFLAG), 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.

- Gay Academic Union, c/o Clarence Barnes, Dept of Chemical Engineering, Univ of Toronto, M5S 1A4.

- Gay Alcoholics Anonymous, answering service, Ph: (416) 964-3962.

- Gay Alliance at York, c/o CYSF office, 105 Central Square, York University, 4700 Keele Street, Downsview, M3J 1P3. Coffee-house meetings Wed 7:30-11:00 pm, Room S872 Ross Bldg, during school term. Ph: (416) 661-2244.
- Gay Anarchists, c/o Ian Young, 315 Blantyre Ave, Scarborough, M1N 2S6.
- Gay Asian Discussion Group

- Association pour les droits de la communauté gaie du Québec (ADGQ), CP 36, Succ C, H2L 4J7. Bureau: 1264 rue St-Timothée. Ph: (514) 843-8671.
- Centrelle, 5149, ave du Parc, H2V 4G3. Ph: (514) 271-6863.
- Comité de soutien aux accusés de Truxx, a/s 1217 rue Crescent, H3G 2B1.
- Contact-nous, gay VD service, information and referral. Ph: (514) 842-5807.
- Coop-Femmes, 3617 boul Saint-Laurent, H2X 2V5. Ph: (514) 843-8998.
- Dignity/Montréal, Newman Centre, 3484 rue Peel. Ph: (514) 392-6741.
- Eglise Communaute de Montréal, Montreal Community Church, CP 610, Succ NDG, H4A 3R1. Ph: (514) 845-4471.
- Eglise du Disciple: Bien-Almé, 4376 de la Roche. Ph: (514) 279-5381.
- Fédération canadienne des transsexuels, 16 rue Viau, Vaudreuil J7V 1A7.
- Fraternité-Halte Inc, 5342 boul Saint-Laurent, H2T 1S1. Ph: (514) 521-5360.
- Gay Health Clinic, Montreal Youth Clinic/Clinique des Jeunes de Montréal, 3658 rue Sainte-Famille, H2X 2L5. Ph: (514) 843-7885, 843-5255, Mon, Wed and Fri evenings.
- Gay Info, CP 610, Succ NDG, H4A 3R1. Ph: (514) 486-4404, Thurs and Fri, 7-11 pm.
- Gayline, (514) 931-8668 or 931-5330, 7 days a week, 7-11 pm.
- Gay Men and Women of McGill, University Centre, Rm 408, 3480 rue McTavish, H3A 1X9. Meets Thurs, 7:30 pm, Rm 425.
- Gay Social Services Project, 5 rue Weredale Park, Westmount H3Z 1Y5. Ph: (514) 937-9581.
- Gay Youth Group, open to gay males 14-22, meets Saturdays 2-4 pm, call Gayline for info.
- Integrity: Gay Anglicans and their friends, c/o 305 avenue Willibrord, Verdun H4G 2T7. Ph: (514) 766-9623.
- Lesbian and Gay Friends of Concordia, 1455 ouest boul de Maisonneuve, H3G 1M7. Ph: (514) 879-4500 from 9 am to 5 pm.
- Librairie l'Androgynie/Androgyny Bookstore, 1217 rue Crescent, H3G 2B1. Ph: (514) 866-2131.
- NACHES: Gay Jewish Discussion Group, CP 298, Succ H, H3G 2K8. Ph: (514) 488-0849.
- Older Gays Group, meets 1st and 3rd Wed each month, at 5 rue Weredale Park, Westmount H3Z 1Y5. Ph: (514) 937-9581, ext 238, for info. Ask for Barry.
- Parents of Gays, a/s CP 610, Succ NDG, H4A 3R1. Ph: (514) 486-4404.
- Productions 88, 1406 rue de la Visitation, No 3, H2L 3B8.
- Transvestites à Montréal, social support for transvestites, CP 153, Succ Victoria, H3Z 2V5. Ph: (514) 486-4404 (Thurs and Fri only).
- Women's Homophile Association of Montreal, a/s Susan Shea, 1967 rue Erie, H2K 2M5.
- Women's Information and Referral Centre, 3585 rue Saint-Urbain, H2X 2N6. Open Mon-Fri, 9am-5pm, Tues 5 pm-9 pm. Ph: (514) 842-4781.

Quebec

- Centre Homophile d'Aide et de Libération (CHAL), CP 596, Succ Haute-Ville, G1R 4R8. Bureau: 175 rue Prince-Edouard. Ph: (418) 525-4997.
- Groupe gay de l'Université Laval, CP 2500, Pavillon Lemieux, Cité universitaire, G1K 7P4.
- Paroisse Saint-Robert (Eglise catholique eucharistique), 310, rue de la Couronne, G1K 6E4.

SASKATCHEWAN

Carrot River

- Carrot River Gays, c/o 18-303 Queen St, Saskatoon, S7K 0M1. For Melfort-Tisdale area.

Kindersley

- West Central Gays (Kindersley-Eston-Rosetown), c/o Drawer 1, PO Box 7508, Saskatoon.

Moose Jaw

- Moose Jaw Gay Community Centre, c/o PO Box 1778, S6H 7K8.

Prince Albert

- Prince Albert Gay Community Centre, PO Box 1893, S6V 6J9.

Regina

- Gay Regina, a political action group, c/o 2242 Smith St, PO Box 3414. Ph: (306) 522-7343. For info concerning social functions, contact Regina Gay Community Centre.
- Regina Gay Community Centre, 2242 Smith St. Ph: (306) 522-7343. Counselling and information Tues and Sat, 6:30 to 9:00 pm.

Saskatoon

- Gay Academic Union, PO Box 419, Sub-PO 6, S7N 0W0.
- Gay Community Centre, PO Box 1662, S7K 3R8. 245-3rd Ave South. Ph: (306) 652-0972.
- Grapewine, a group of Christian and Jewish gays. Ph: (306) 343-5963.

- Lesbian Caucus, Saskatoon Women's Liberation, PO Box 4021, S7K 3T1.
- Stubble Jumper Press, 21-303 Queen St, S7K 0M1.
- Subcommittee on Gay Rights, c/o Saskatchewan Association on Human Rights, 311-20th St W, S7M 0X1

PROVINCIAL

- Alberta Lesbian and Gay Rights Association (ALGRA), PO Box 1852, Edmonton, AB T5J 2P2.
- Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario (CGRO), PO Box 822, Stn A, Toronto, ON M5W 1G3. Ph: (416) 977-1605.
- Manitoba Gay Coalition, PO Box 27, UMSU, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, MB, R3T 2N2.
- Ontario Gay Teachers' Caucus, PO Box 543, Stn F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2L8.
- Saskatchewan Gay Coalition, PO Box 7508, Saskatoon, SK.

NATIONAL/BINATIONAL

- Alberta Regional Office, CLGRC/CCDLG, PO Box 1852, Edmonton, AB T5J 2P2.
- Binational Gay Youth Coalition, Canadian head office: 29 Granby St, Suite 301, Toronto, ON M5B 1H8. Ph: (416) 366-5664.
- Canadian Gay Archives, PO Box 639, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1G2.
- Canadian Lesbian and Gay Rights Coalition / Coalition canadienne pour les droits des lesbiennes et des gais (CLGRC/CCDLG), CP 2919, Succ D, Ottawa, ON K1P 5W9. Ph: (613) 233-0152.
- Coalition binationale pour la jeunesse gay, Siège social québécois: CP 753, Succ H, Montréal, PQ H3G 2M7.

- Committee to Defend John Damien, PO Box 608, Station K, Toronto, ON M4P 2H1.

- Dignity/Canada/Dignité, PO Box 1912, Winnipeg, MB R3C 3R2. Ph: (204) 772-4322.

- Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Transsexuals (FACT), PO Box 891, Stn F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2N9. Ph: (416) 925-1731. Office hours Mon to Sat, 9 am to 5 pm. Or call (416) 535-8819 24 hrs a day.

- Grass Roots Organizing Workshop/Autel de l'organisation à la base, PO Box 3099, Stn D, Ottawa, ON K1N 6H7.

- Interest Group on Gay and Lesbian Issues in Psychology, c/o Canadian Psychological Association, 558 King Edward Ave, Ottawa, ON K1N 7N6.

- International Gay Association, Secretariat: c/o CHLR, PO Box 931, Dublin 4, Ireland.

- The John Damien Foundation, PO Box 983, Adelaide St Stn, Toronto, ON M5C 2K4.

- Libertarian Committee on Gay Rights, an arm of Libertarian Party of Canada, PO Box 190, Adelaide Stn, Toronto, ON M5C 2J1.

- New Democratic Party Gay Caucus, PO Box 792, Station F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2N7.

- Prairie Regional Office, CLGRC/CCDLG, PO Box 27, UMSU, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, MB R3T 2N2.

- Regroupement national des lesbiennes et gais du Québec, CP 1104, succ Place d'Armes, Montréal, PQ H2Y 3J6.

PUBLICATIONS

- After Stonewall, PO Box 7763, Saskatoon, SK
- The Body Politic, PO Box 7289, Stn A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9.
- Boondles, A Voice for Rural Gays, RR 1, Paradise, NS B0S 1R0.

- Gay Horizons, PO Box 2715, Stn M, Calgary, AB T2P 3C1. Ph: (403) 264-3911. Office at Suites 319-321, 223-12 Ave SW, Calgary, AB T2R 0G9.

- Gay Saskatchewan, PO Box 7508, Saskatoon.

- Sparrow of Atlantic Canada, Atlantic Christian Newsletter, PO Box 3611, South Stn, Halifax, NS B3J 3K6.

- GO Info, Gays of Ottawa/Gais de l'Outaouais PO Box 2919, Stn D, Ottawa, ON K1P 5W9.

- Have You Heard?, PO Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Stn, Halifax, NS B3J 3K6.

- Le Berdache, CP 36, Succ C, Montréal, PQ H2L 4J7.

- Lesbians/Lesbiennes, PO Box 2531, Station B, Kitchener, Ont.

- Metro Community News, 29 Granby St, Toronto, ON M5B 1H8.

- OUT, PO Box 2741, Station B, Kitchener, ON K2H 6N3.

- Out and About, PO Box 27, UMSU, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, MB R3T 2N2

IS YOUR ENTRY CORRECT?

Keeping The Community Page up-to-date depends on you. If the information presented here about groups in your area is not accurate please let us know. Send corrections, changes and new listings to: The Body Politic Community Page, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1X9.

The Body Politic is looking for articles about gay groups across Canada to run each month on its Community Page. If you'd like to tell people all across North America about your group, send us a story about it (maximum length, 1000 words) along with some photos.

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Congratulations and best wishes to Gay Community Appeal of Toronto

by Ken Popert

"Cruising" and crisis management

Who are we? Why are we? What is the meaning of our militance? Where will it take us? Where do we want to go?

Ten years into our struggle now, these are questions which gay people should be trying to answer. Whole lifetimes of individual suffering and a decade of collective struggle must by now provide the raw material from which the broad outline of our significance, our relation to history and the world, can be discerned.

Politics, including sexual politics, goes forward on two legs: one is activism, of which we have had a modest amount; the other is intellectualism, of which we have had practically none. The two, thought and deed, are mutually dependent: we do, because we have thought, and we think because we have done. At best, they grow, together.

But in gay politics, our intellectualism has not kept pace with our activism. Where are our intellectuals, our theoreticians? Where are our Marcuses, our Greers? Only the name of Dennis Altman comes to mind; his lonely work, *Homosexual*, appeared nearly ten years ago. We have the basis of theory: Kinsey, Ford and Beach, Churchill and others. And yet we don't, if, by having such bases, we mean they are part of our shared understanding. It is certain that not one gay man in a thousand can actually construe the meaning of Kinsey's tables. I know I can't.

Without knowing where we are and where we want to be, we cannot make any intelligent answer to the question: what is to be done? Right now our only guide to action, other than impulse, is the half-conscious but swiftly congealing notion that gays are some sort of slightly unconventional ethnic minority, like Toronto's Greeks, Chinese, Italians or Portuguese, with our own social spots, businesses and churches making up our "community." Like plaster dust from a renovation, this crude reconceptualization of gays seeps into everything. It relegates to the fringes of consciousness those very matters which are essential to our being: coming out, our sexuality, our unfamilied state.

Without a guiding worldview, a theory, every anti-homosexual manifestation seems just as important (or as unimportant) as every other. Political action is reduced to crisis management as we rush from one all-important issue to another, with only fashion as our guide. Example: Just one month ago, *Cruising*'s stereotypes were the boogeyman threatening us all. Yet, in the very same multi-screen theatre in Toronto which was showing Friedkin's film, *La Cage aux Folles*, a movie which insidiously sugar-coats its equally damaging stereotypes, went unnoticed and unprotested. Where is the sense?

* * *

Harold Innis, the economist, is reputed to have said: "The trouble with doing social science in Canada is that one may die laughing."

You could say the same thing about gay liberation. Dogmatism and anti-intellectualism — the legacy of the Canadian left — have made a comfortable home in the gay movement and have rendered it almost impossible to embark on any public debate which goes beyond

the affirmation of orthodoxy and the reiteration of established truths. This discouraging thesis is fully illustrated by the "Taking Issue" which appeared in last month's *Body Politic* as a reaction to my column about Friedkin's *Cruising*.

The piece professes a concern for my "political argumentation," raising hopes of a real debate. These are quickly dashed as it goes on to narrow its focus to two of my "major assertions," one of which I did not make ("protests against media bigotry constitute an attempt to 'censor'") and the other of which is never raised again except to be qualified as "disturbing" ("*Cruising* and similar films have 'positive,' as well as 'negative,' messages").

The piece is rendered unintentionally (?) humorous by a blend of pompous gravity and melodramatic self-importance which brings it to the edge of self-parody.

Self-inflation is evident in the determination by the authors that they were the specific and sole targets of my "attack," for I neither named nor alluded to individuals or organizations. Taking this paranoid fantasy for fact, they go on to upbraid me for failing to talk to my imagined targets before setting fingers to keyboard.

But the important thing here is the absurd overkill with which disagreement is met. I expressed, civilly I think, doubts about some aspects of strategies for dealing with *Cruising*. The response is a ludicrously disproportionate spew of venom, in which insult ("self-avowed (sic) gay liberation partisans like Popert"), guilt by association ("Popert joins with the head of the National Association of Theater Owners and the director of *Cruising* itself, William Friedkin") and hysterical hyperbole ("This assumption could not more seriously distort the situation") all find their places.

In an astonishing climax of self-righteous intolerance, the piece swoops down on one of the *Cruising* extras interviewed in a recent issue of *Mandate*, wrenches his words out of the context which gives them their meaning ("Macho straight men have a long way to go to be as much of a man as I am"), sententiously announces that "there is no room for misinterpretation of this view," and then proceeds to provide the interpretation anyway, an interpretation which justifies a finding of heresy. Another apostate uncovered and dispatched.

Finally, this operetta sweeps to a big finish with the moralizing and, considering what has preceded it, hypocritical declaration: "If our freedom is to be defined as a freedom to be more macho than straight men — less caring and sensitive, more abusive and violent — then it will be no liberation at all!" (Note the exclamation mark, the political moralist's answer to the applause sign and the laugh track.)

Such is gay political debate in Toronto in 1980.

* * *

On the letters page of this issue of *The Body Politic* Scott Tucker criticizes what I have had to say about *Cruising*

and the way to deal with it. His arguments, I think, are fuzzy and the fact that this exchange is taking place shows our crying need for a theory of gay liberation.

Scott Tucker urges gays to boycott *Cruising* or, at any rate, to avoid seeing it unless they can do so without paying Friedkin for it. Let me say that, having seen *Cruising*, I think anyone who pays to see it is being robbed, gay or straight. It is not just a homophobic movie, it is a bad movie. I have determined that for myself.

But Scott Tucker urges gays to stay away on his authority that the movie is homophobic. It bothers me to see an opinion leader of a democratic, popular movement asking others to forego their own critical judgment and accept his

"Dogmatism and anti-intellectualism — the legacy of the Canadian left — have made a comfortable home in the gay movement and have made it almost impossible to embark on any public debate which goes beyond the affirmation of orthodoxy and the reiteration of established truth..."

own in its place. This is all the more disquieting because Scott Tucker himself has not seen the movie he wants others to shun.

The danger inherent in trusting to authority is obvious: the information given on authority could be in error, leaving its trusting disseminators in a precarious position where their credibility will crumble in the eyes of those who decide to see for themselves, or be utterly smashed by public revelation.

This is relevant here because some of the specific details of *Cruising* set forth by Scott Tucker in last November's *BP* are not, in fact, in the movie.

Example: A scene was described in which the orgasm of a man being whipped in a porno flick is juxtaposed with the death struggle of a murder victim. "Moral: the wages of sin is death." Yet I found the few fleeting glimpses of the porno flick did not allow me to see what it portrayed, let alone tell whether someone was having an orgasm. So much for the alleged moral of the scene.

Example: We read in *TBP* that the killer stabs a man while fucking him and that cocks are cut off and stuffed in mouths. Yet, in the movie I saw, the victim was simply stabbed, not fucked; and at no point was genital mutilation shown or suggested.

Now these discrepancies may arise from errors on Scott Tucker's part, changes in the script, or the paternalistic intervention of the Ontario Theatres Branch. It is not my contention that

they invalidate Scott Tucker's theses. But they do show that people who denounced this movie on the basis of an impression provided by someone else are setting themselves up to be discredited.

What must now be the thoughts entertained about Scott Tucker and *The Body Politic* by those in Toronto who read the article and saw the movie? Is this any way to build a political movement?

In his letter, Scott Tucker disputes my assertion that gay militance, in the short term, increases homophobia. He argues that homophobia is not something that can be added to, but rather, something which already permeates everything and is simply released ("comes down") by gay militance. Yet the impression given in his other writings is that *Cruising* increases homophobia. So, is homophobia something that can be increased, released, or both? And are the effects on it of gay militance and *Cruising* merely different in quantity (as I think) or do they differ qualitatively (as Scott Tucker seems to think)?

The trouble is, we don't know. Homophobia is one of the few analytical concepts to come out of the gay movement. Yet it has never been explored, developed, refined. It remains little more than a convenient crutch to rhetoric.

This leads me on to another iffy area connected with our reactions to *Cruising*: our tendency to assume that the total meaning and effect of movies are easy to determine. Now, no one believes that movie-goers, after viewing a homophobic film, march out of the theatres in regiments in order to hunt down gays. But the way we discuss homophobia in the media is very nearly as unsophisticated.

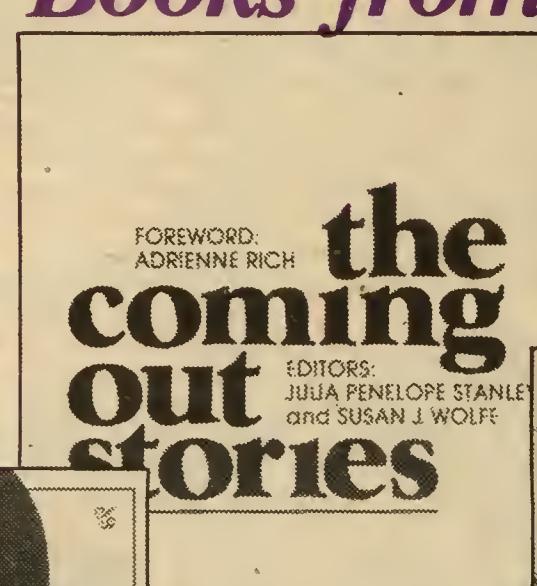
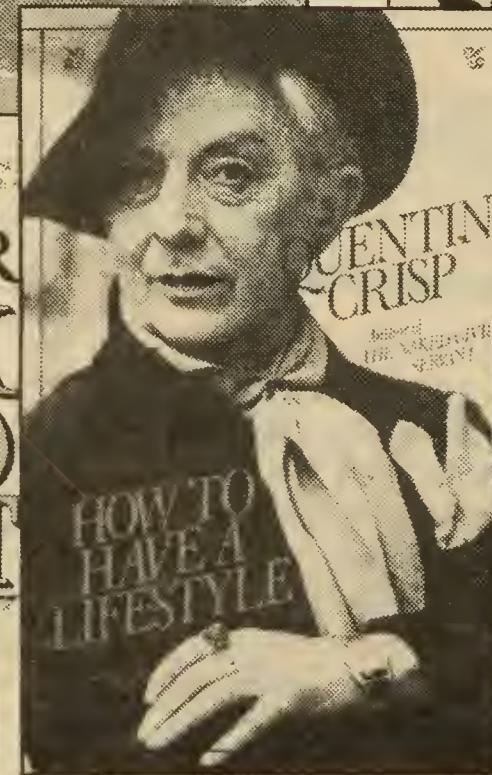
The plethora of meanings found in Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* is instructive on this point. Leftists say it's about imperialism. Liberals say it's about war. Conservatives and romantics that it's about the dark side of human nature. No doubt a survey of shoe sales personnel would reveal a conviction that the movie is about feet.

It is absolutely necessary to understand that a complex artifact like a movie has as many meanings as it has audiences and that the only reasonable way to assess the impact of a particular movie is to interview people as they leave the theatre. Speculation is misleading.

Does the apparent homophobia of *Cruising* justify all the time and energy which has gone into opposing it? The truth is, we have no way of knowing. We have no theory of gay oppression and liberation which would allow us to decide which manifestations of our oppression are fundamental and which merely symptomatic. Until we have that theory, we will continue to fumble in the dark.

I am grateful for the ideas which Scott Tucker has contributed to these pages. But the only stratagem of his which I find persuasive is his threat to tap me on the head and whisper in my ear. □

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